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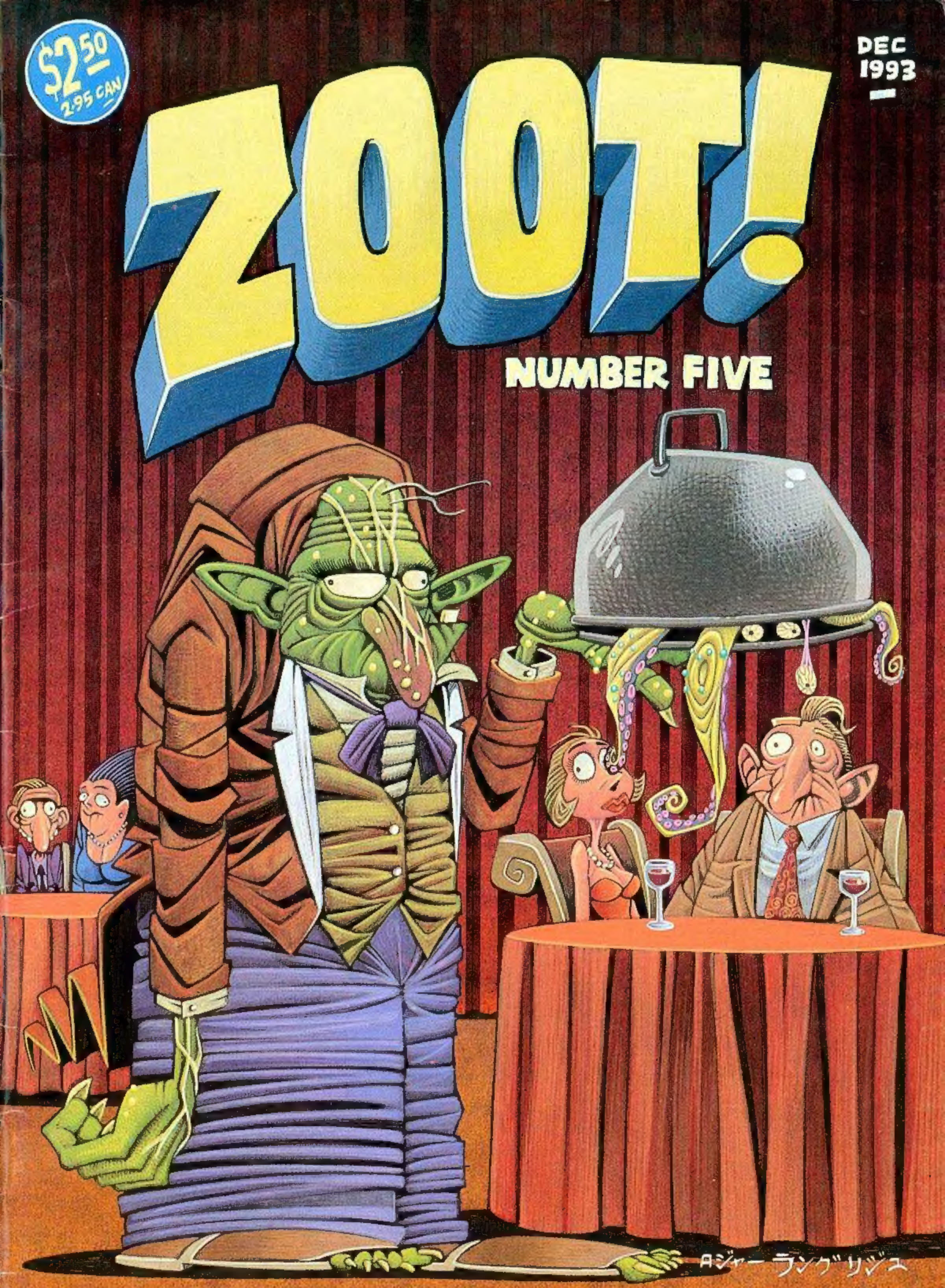
ZOOT!

NUMBER FIVE



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

ZOOT!

By Andrew & Roger Langridge ©1993

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BY, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

ROGER LANGRIDGE	CORNELIUS STONE	TIM BOLLINGER
MARTIN EMOND	DYLAN HORROCKS	RENÉE JONES
TERI ROTA	ANDY TRISTRAM	BRAD! BROOKS

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- ☐ KNUCKLES 1
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- ☐ LEATHER UNDERWEAR
- ☐ ZOOT! 1
- ☐ ZOOT! 2
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This issue's for Andy & Vanessa

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The Redoubtable TARQUIN

I heard somebody was having a birthday today.

BUT TARQUIN, IT ISN'T MY BIRTHDAY

No, it's my birthday
WELL SAM AND I WERE JUST GOING OUT

... AND WE WERE WONDERING IF YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN US.
Where are we going?

OH, WE WERE JUST GOING TO GIACOMETTI'S, THE PIZZA PLACE DOWN THE ROAD
Oh.
BUT WE HADN'T BOOKED OR ANYTHING...

WE COULD GO SOMEWHERE ELSE
No no no. Don't go to any trouble on my account. I'll just have to make do.
IT WOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE ...

No, we'll go to this 'Joe Cometti's' if you're so dead keen on it.
WELL...
No, I insist.
But don't say I didn't warn you.

Now it was somewhere along this road, I'm sure of it...
IS THAT IT ON THE LEFT?

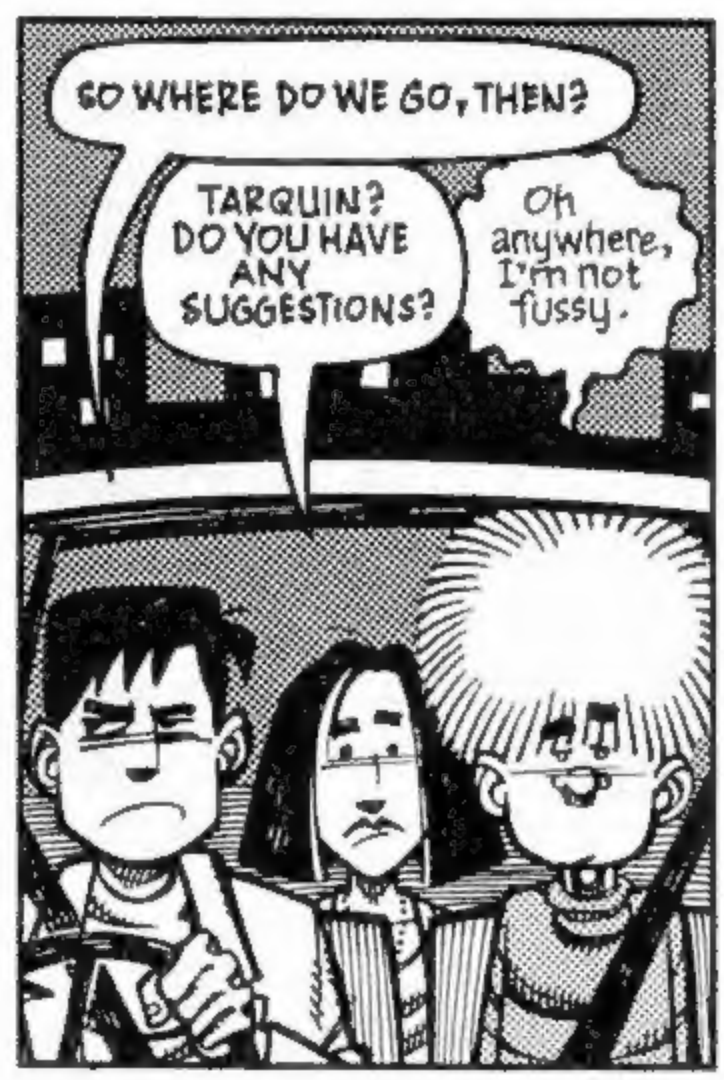
That is a Malaysian restaurant. The place I am referring to is Indonesian.
WELL PERHAPS THEY KNOW WHERE THE INDONESIAN RESTAURANT IS.

Good thinking, Kim. Now Sam, you just leave the engine running and go in and ask them.
NO PARKIN

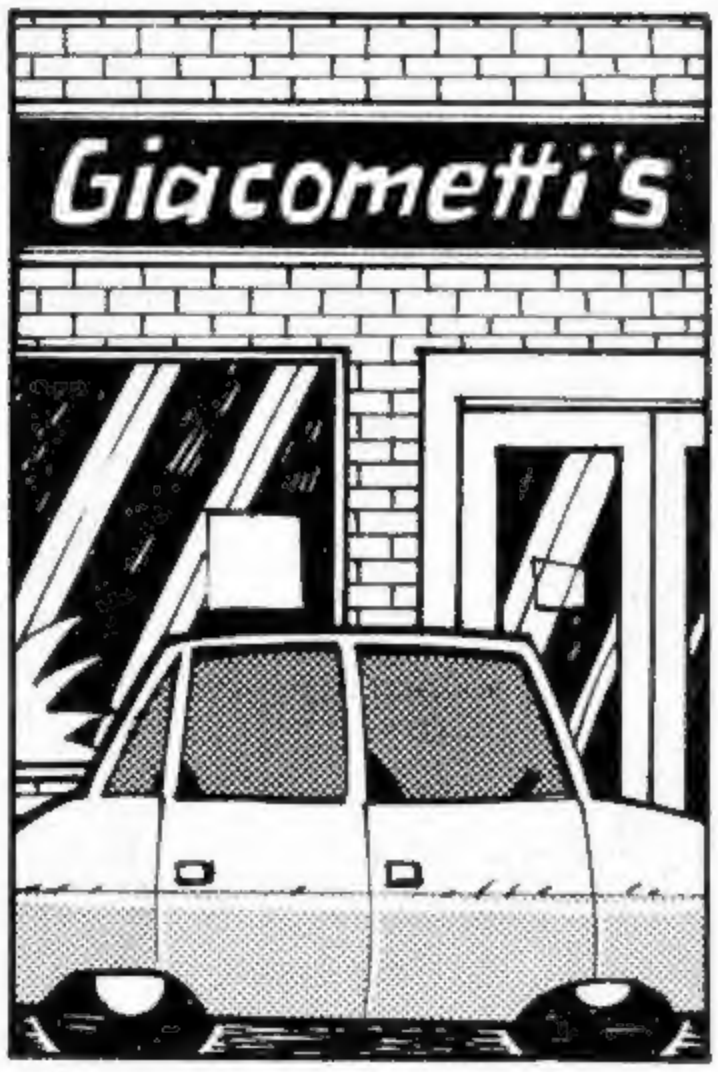
THEY SAY THERE'S NEVER BEEN AN INDONESIAN RESTAURANT IN THE AREA.
They're lying!
SHALL WE GO HERE INSTEAD?
No. Malaysian cuisine is horrible.

WE COULD GO TO TUESDAY'S ...
Oh heavens no! I know a lot of people and one of them said it was disappointing and I don't want to be disappointed on my birthday.

I STILL THINK WE SHOULD GO TO GIACOMETTI'S.
Oh, anywhere but there.
THE PURPLE GOAT?
I hate purple.

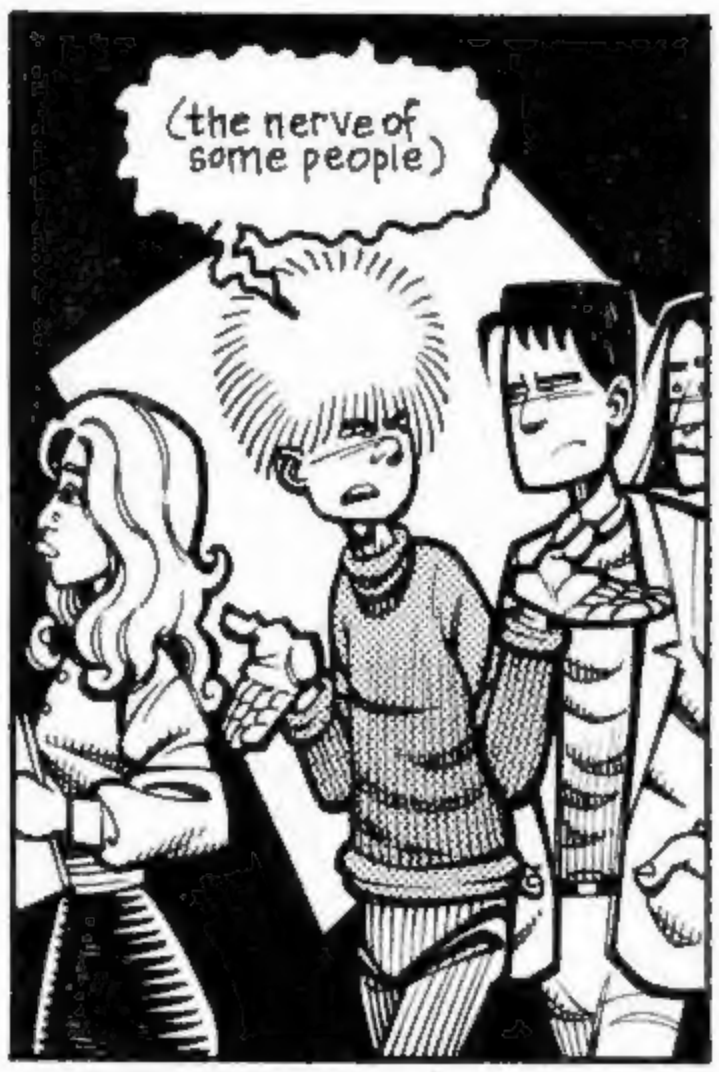

SO WHERE DO WE GO, THEN?
TARQUIN? DO YOU HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS?
Oh anywhere, I'm not fussy.

But nowhere with paper napkins. They tear so easily.


Giacometti's

Oh. This looks quite nice.
YES. WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT TO COME HERE?
I thought it was a Japanese restaurant

A TABLE FOR THREE? WOULD YOU LIKE SMOKING OR NON-SMOKING?
NON-smoking if you don't mind!

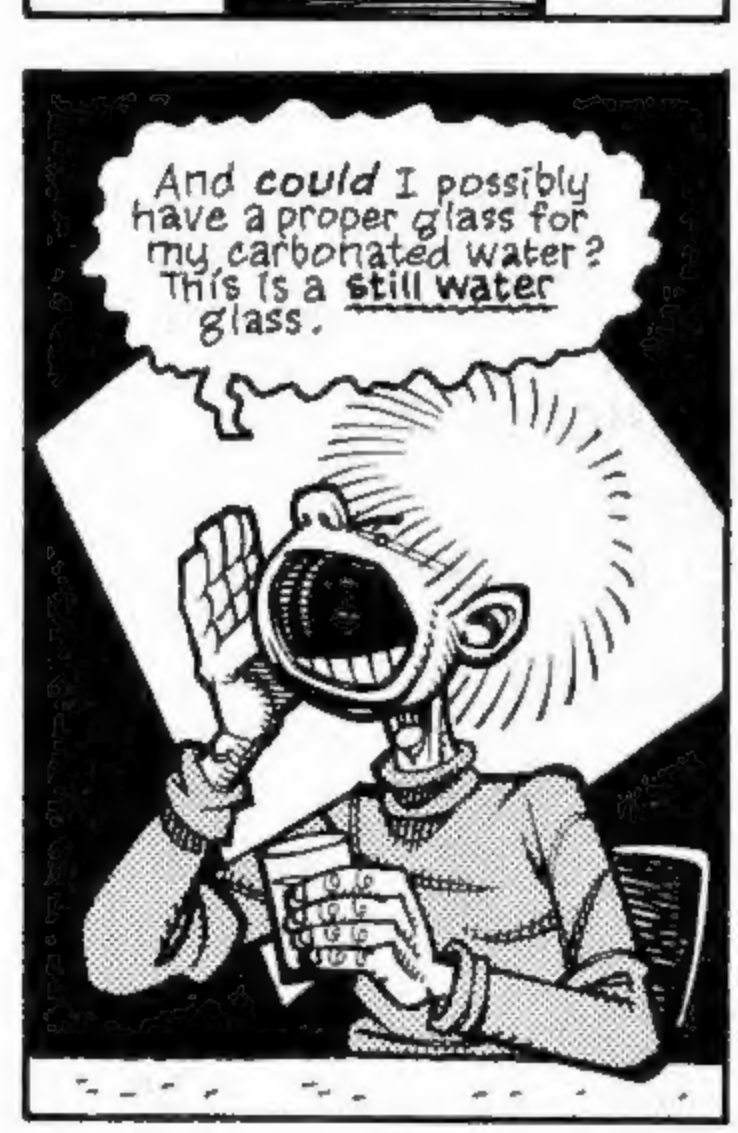

(the nerve of some people)

YOUR MENU, SIR
Thank you dear. Now please fetch me a glass of fresh carbonated water with a twist of lime.

There's nothing here I want. Let's go somewhere else.
OH, TARQUIN, WE CAN'T DO THAT. SURELY THERE'S SOMETHING ...

No, nothing.
WELL, MAYBE THEY CAN PREPARE SOMETHING SPECIALLY.
Can you ask them? There's a dear.

UM, MY FRIEND WAS WONDERING, IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE...
Spit it out, Kim
...IF THE CHEF COULD PREPARE SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM, IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE.
WHY CERTAINLY. NOTHING'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE.


And could I possibly have a proper glass for my carbonated water? This is a still water glass.

Now as soon as you put the salmon mousse in the tepid bath of brine and tumeric, start melting a half pound of butter in a pan pre-heated to 150°.

Now when the butter has started to turn brown and smells of hazelnuts, whip the salmon mousse out of its tepid bath and place immediately in a bowl of iced water and fresh mint.

(You can discard the butter)

Leave the salmon mousse in the minted iced water for fourteen seconds then remove it from the muslin bag and rush it on to the plate.

Now I want this as a side dish, garnished with seven Arctic peas and a demi-soupçon of champagne vinegar.

Oh, and a big fat heap of whipped cream.

WHIPPED CREAM?

UH... IF I MAY SAY SO, THAT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A STRANGE...

Excuse me.

Who's giving the instructions here? You or me?

I'M VERY SORRY...

No, I really want to know! Is it *you*? Or is it *me*?

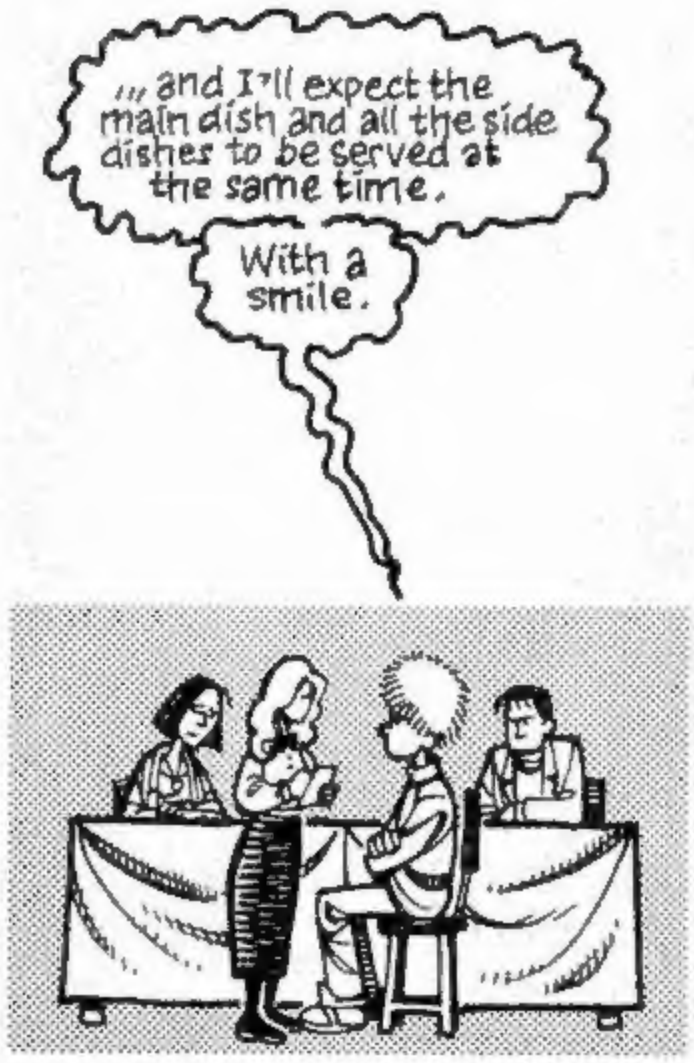
WHIPPED CREAM.

Now then, I want you to take a 20kg bag of onions and pair off the onions.

When you've paired off all the onions, if there's one left over then slice it finely and put it in with the rice you've already prepared.

If there's no onion left over then forget about the onions.

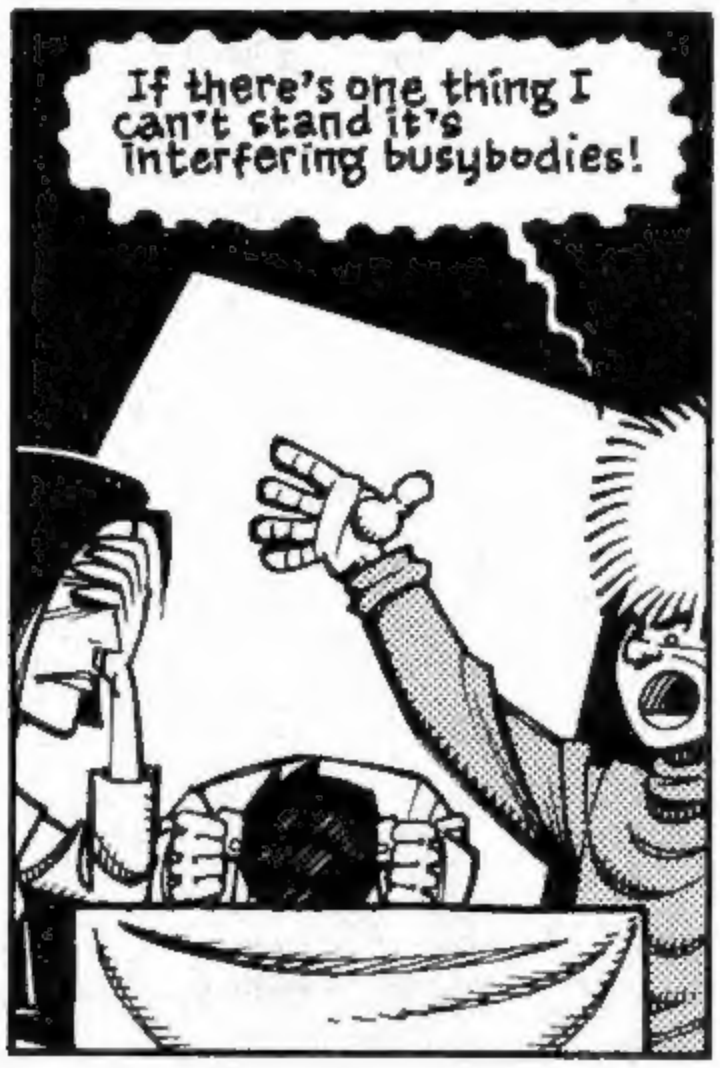
Now the sauce for this is a little complicated so listen carefully...


...and I'll expect the main dish and all the side dishes to be served at the same time.
With a smile.

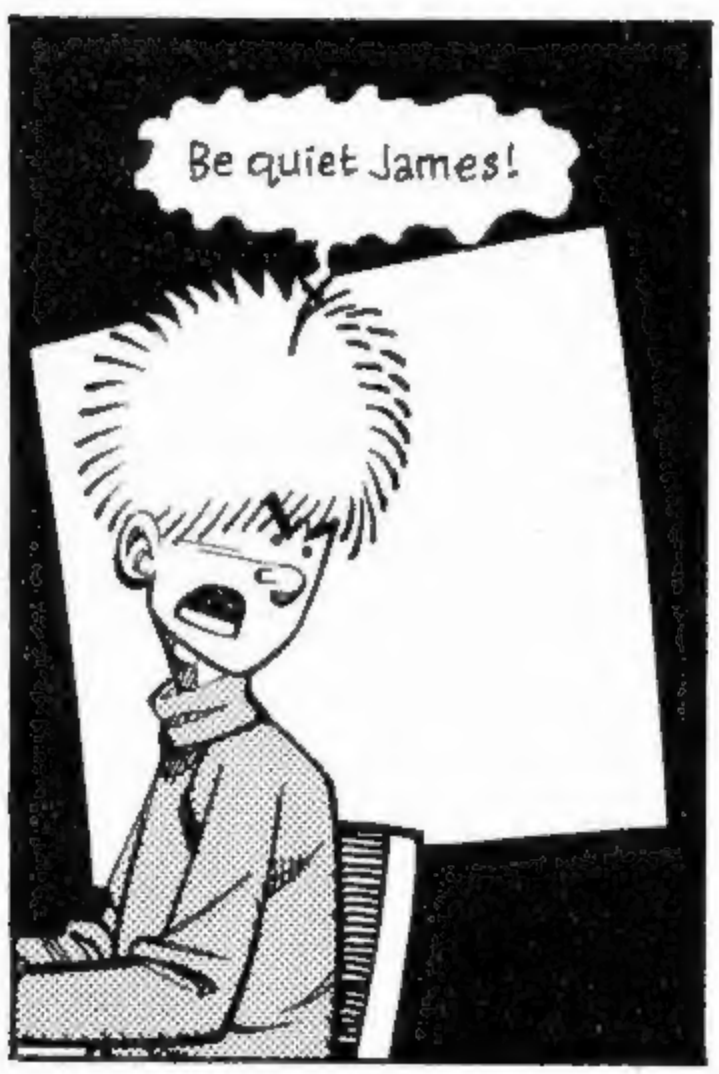
AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?
I'LL JUST HAVE A MEDIUM QUATTRO STAGIONI AND A SALAD
ME TOO

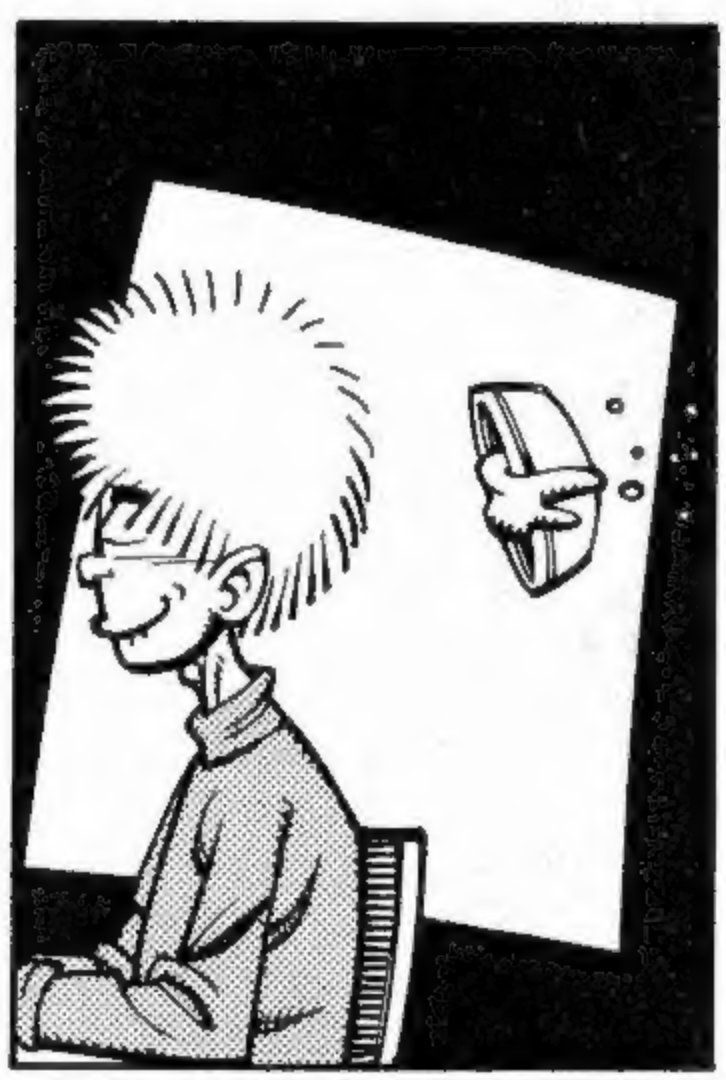
BA BA BA BA BA BA!

James, don't use your fingers.
Don't you snap at him!


If there's one thing I can't stand it's interfering busybodies!

MUMMY WHY IS THE FUNNY MAN?


Be quiet James!



And DON'T use your fingers
EXCUSE ME SAM, I HAVE TO POWDER MY NOSE
ME TOO

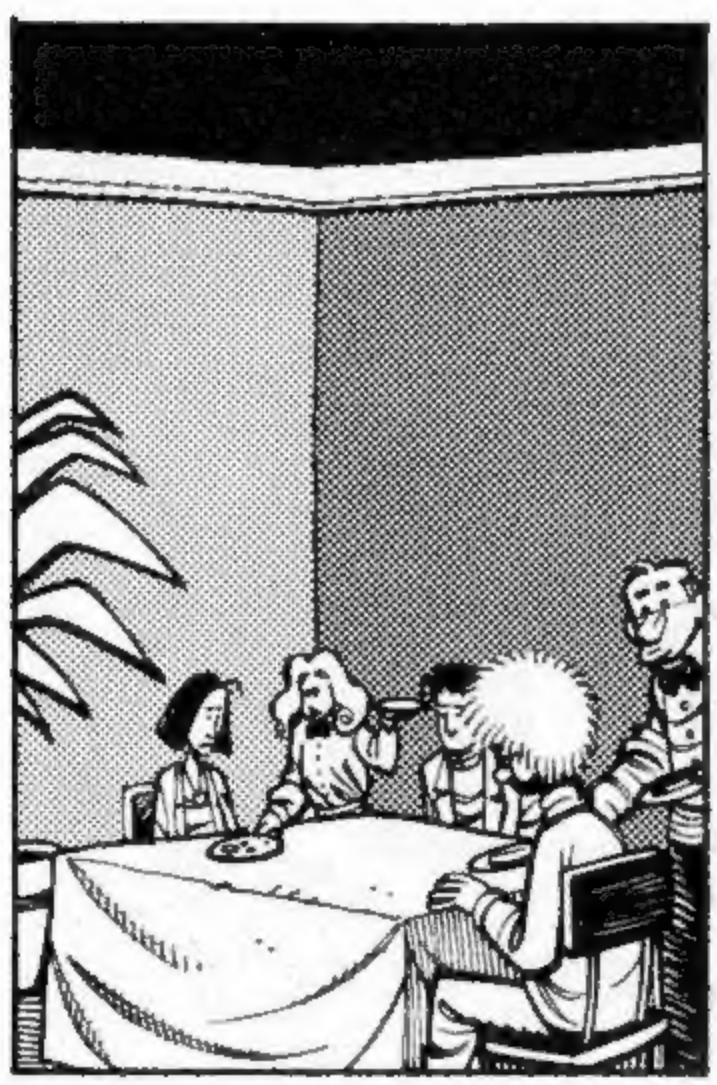
SO KIM'S NOT BACK YET, HUH?

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING HER?

I don't see why you should be so concerned about Kim, Little Mister Too-Friendly!

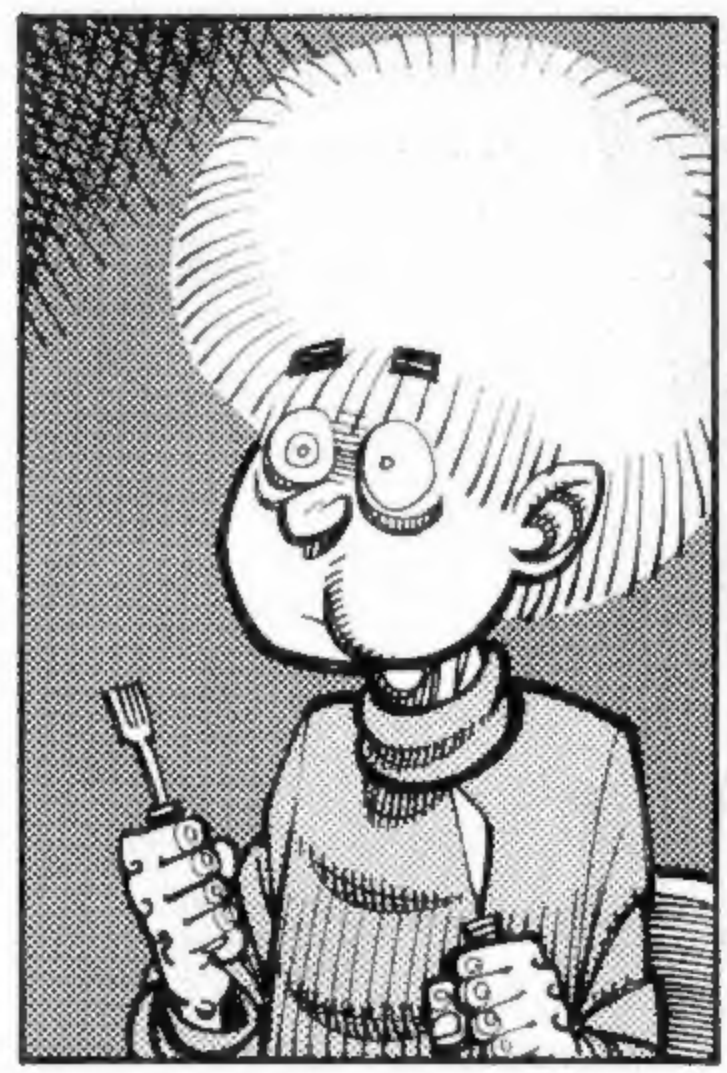
HI, SORRY I WAS SO LONG.
Oh, that's okay. Sam and I were just having a friendly chat, weren't we Sam?

SOUNDS MYSTERIOUS.
Oh, it is.



Sam, look at this. They've given me my salmon mousse on a muffin plate.
Typical.

UM... TARQUIN, YOU'RE HOLDING YOUR KNIFE AND FORK IN THE WRONG HANDS.
Oh really Sam, I haven't time for your piggly wiggly etiquette.



HOW'S YOUR MEAL, TARQUIN? EVERYTHING UP TO SCRATCH?

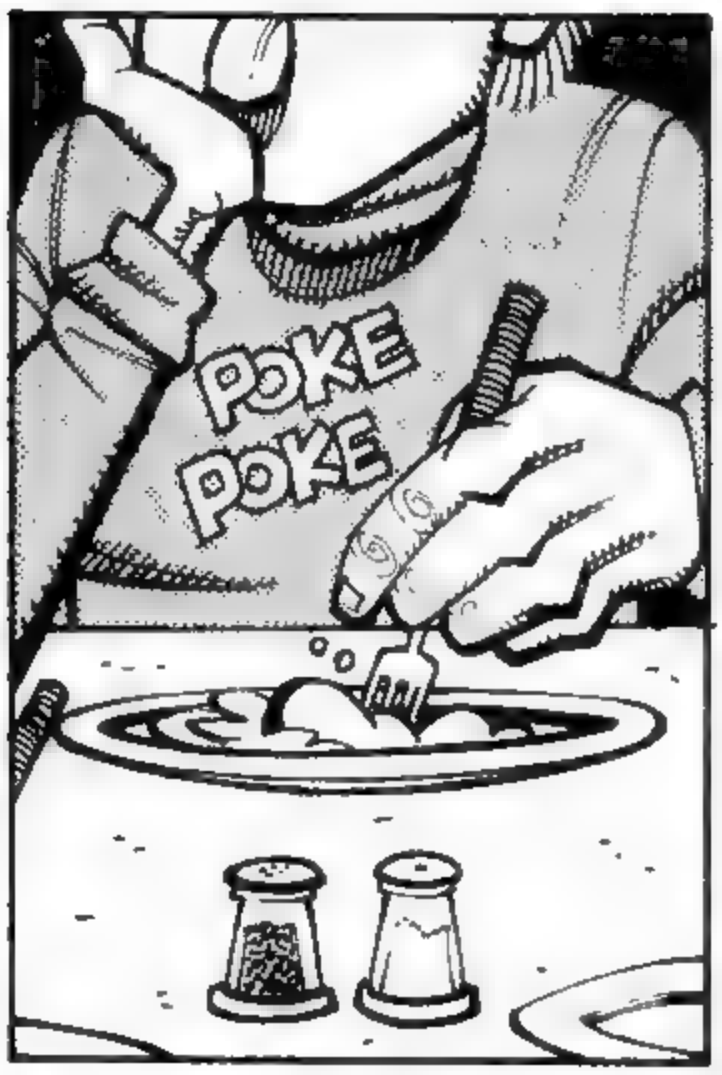
Mmmyes it's lovely Kim.
Excuse me just a minute.

KITCHE
STAFF ONLY

Excuse me ~ but why have you put fluffy cream on my salmon mousse?! I specifically asked for whipped cream.

BUT THIS IS WHIPPED CREAM.
No. It should be, I don't know, more sour ~ not all sugary.
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF SOUR CREAM?

Oh, is that the time? Sorry, it's lovely. There must be some mistake. I didn't mean to say that. You misunderstood.
KOFF KOFF


POKE
POKE

WHAT'S THE MATTER, TARQUIN? IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR MEAL?

No no no. It's fine I suppose. I just don't feel very hungry I guess.

Your meal looks very nice. What did you order?
OH IT'S JUST A PIZZA
It looks very nice. Is it good?

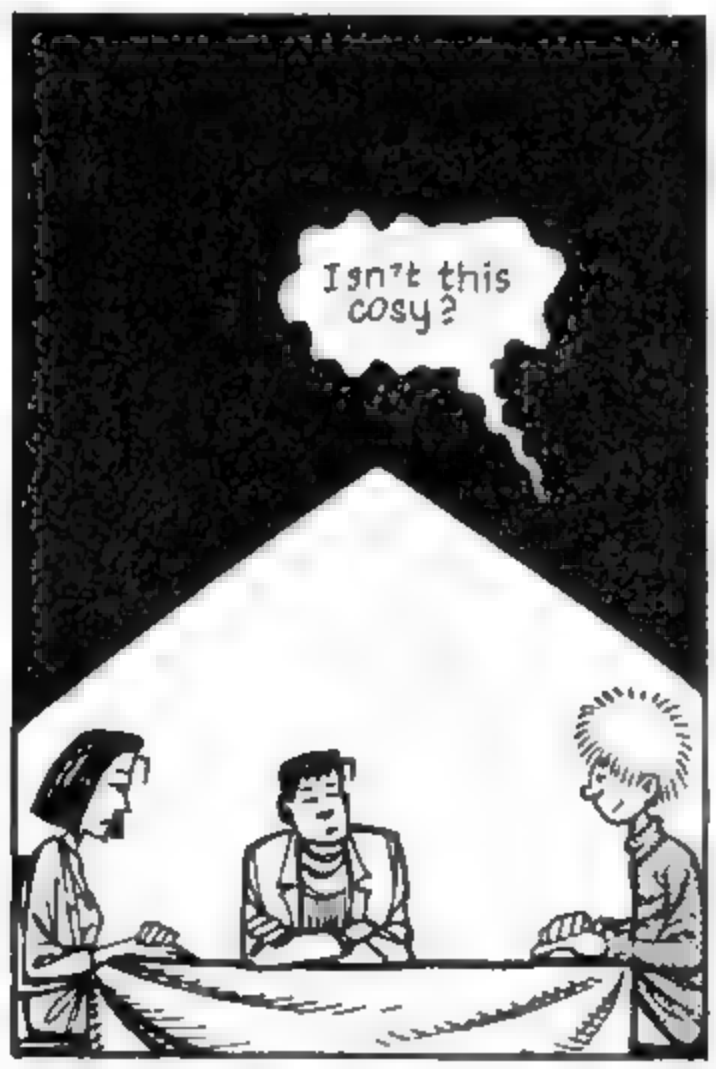
YES, IT'S QUITE TASTY.

Sigh. I wish I'd ordered that then.

They shouldn't have such a misleading menu.

WOULD YOU LIKE SOME COFFEE?
Oh yes please. Plenty of milk, mind.

JUST BLACK FOR US


Isn't this cosy?

PTOO!

This is coffee! I don't drink coffee!

B-BUT WHEN I ASKED IF YOU WANTED COFFEE YOU SAID YOU DID.

Oh, that. Well I thought you meant tea.
Kim can explain.

OH MY.

iacometti's
2 x Q/S @ $11.50 – 23.00
1 x SPECIAL MEAL 47.00
+ SIDE DISHES 27.50
WELL, SHALL WE JUST SPLIT IT THREE WAYS? I THINK THAT'S BEST

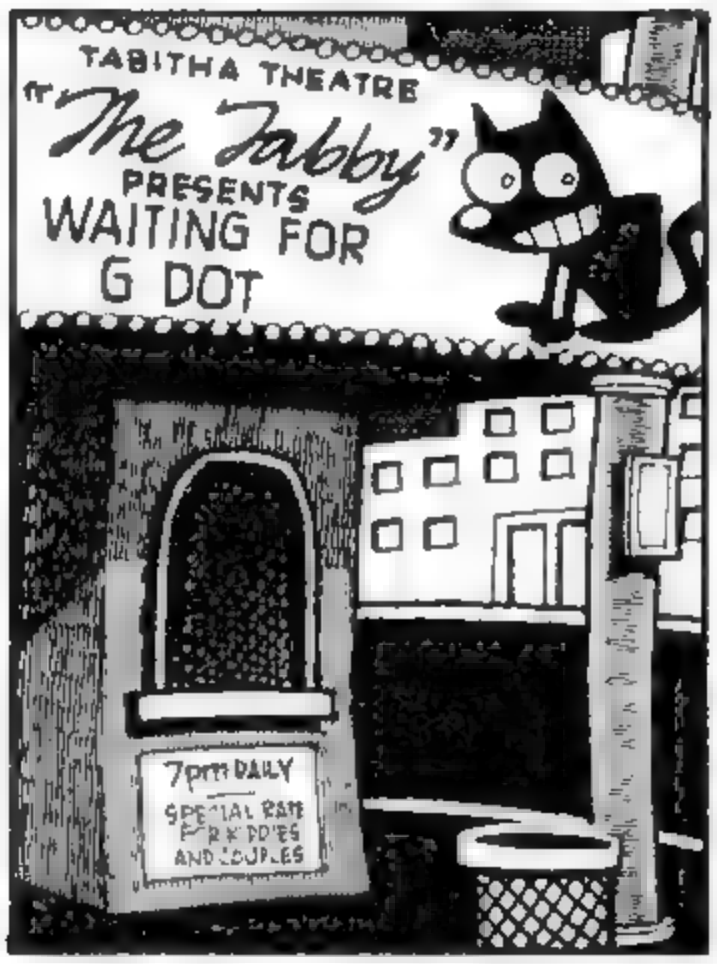
No no no. I'll pay for dinner.

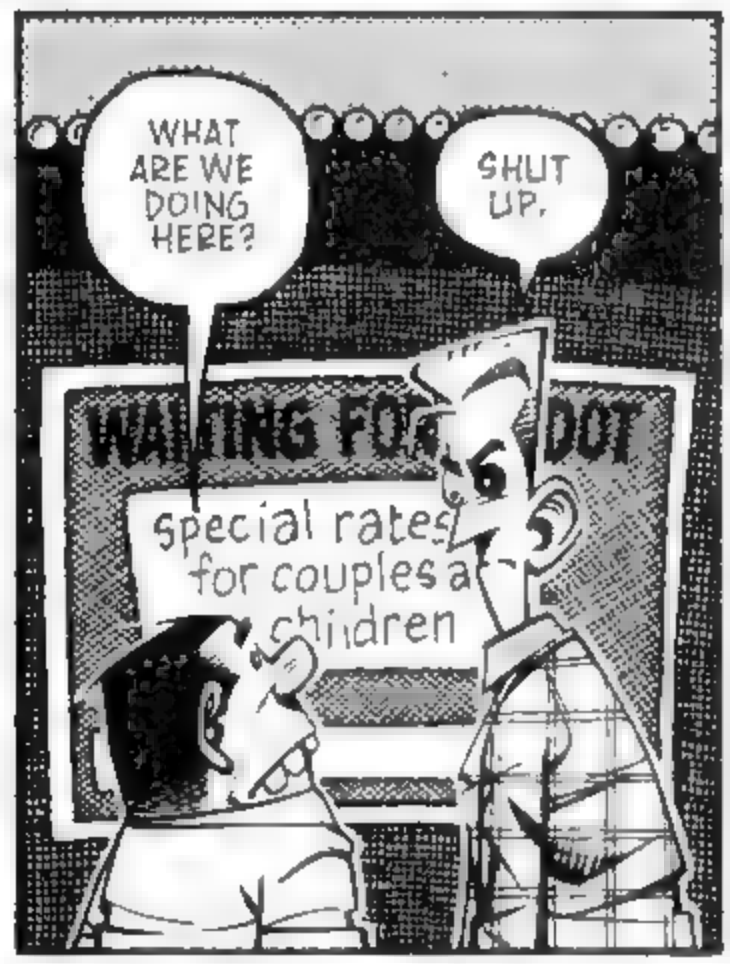
Okay... okay... fine.

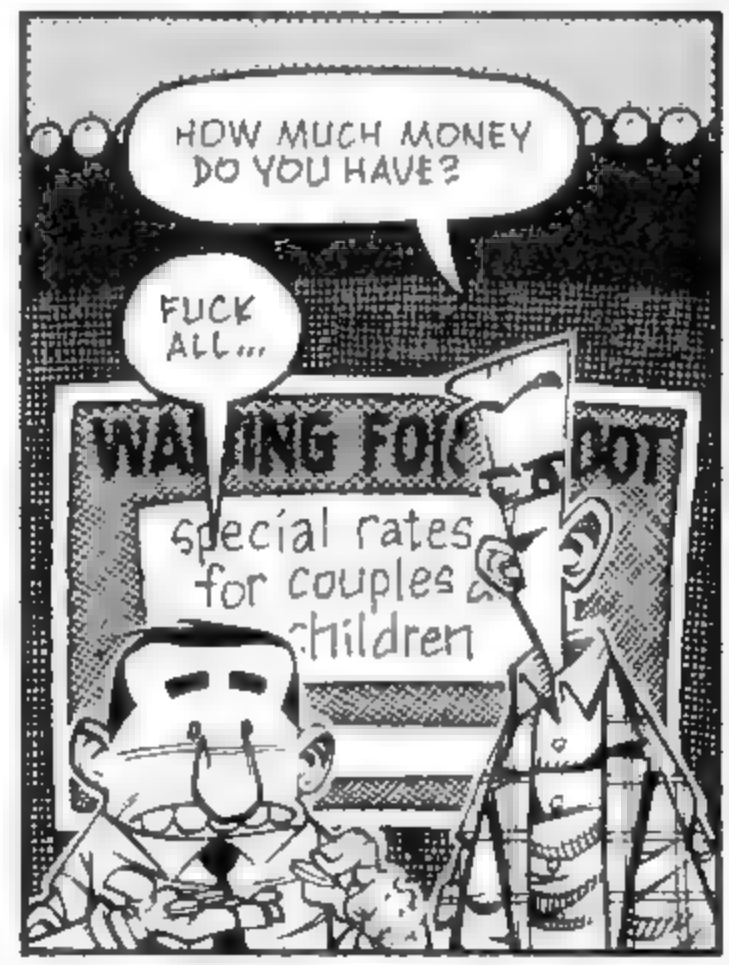
I won't be a moment. I just have to refresh myself.

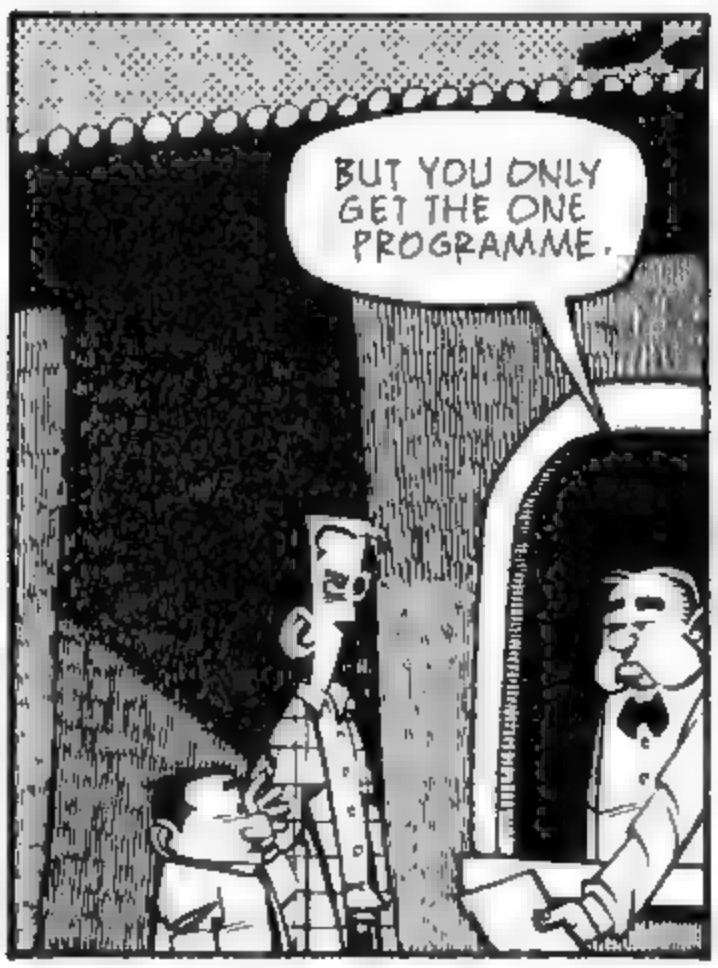
END

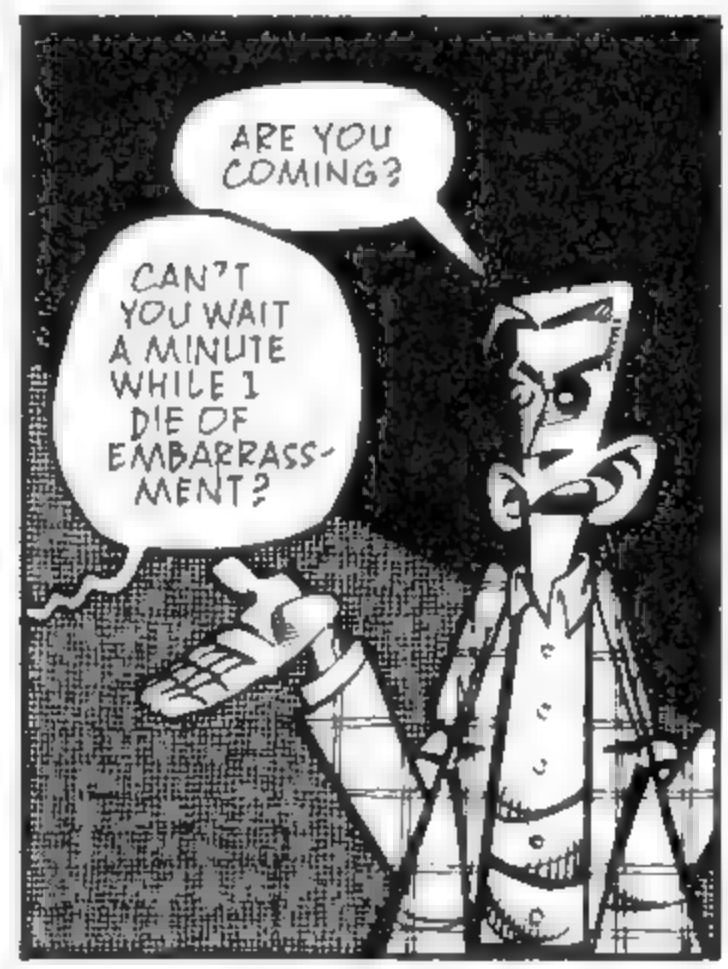
The JOURNEY HALFWAY 4

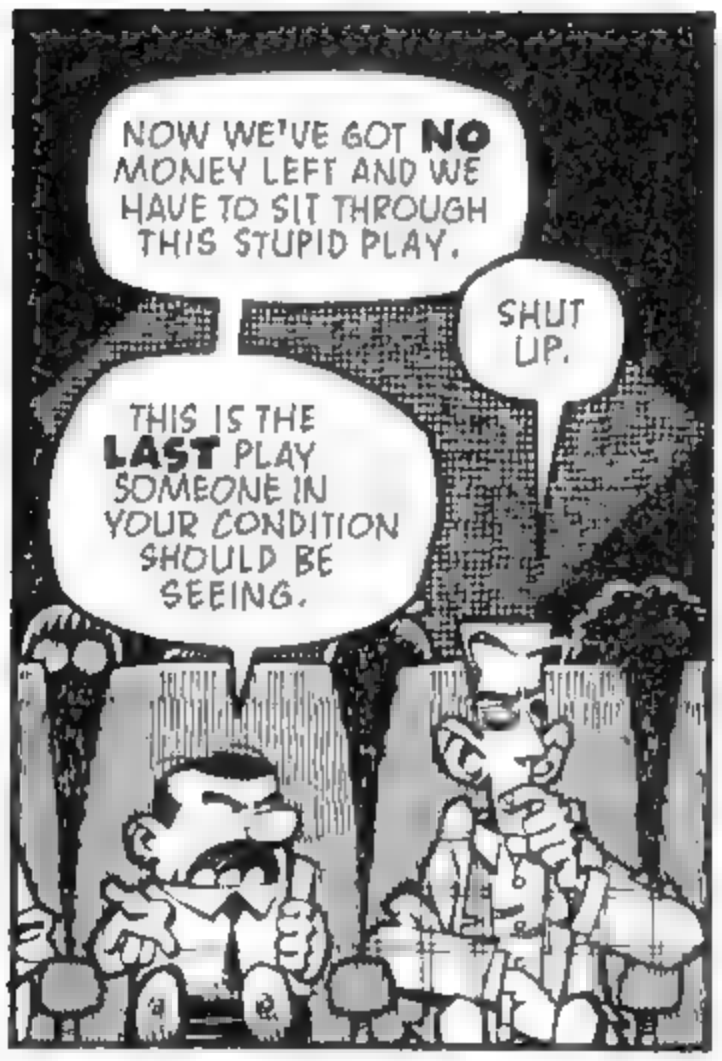




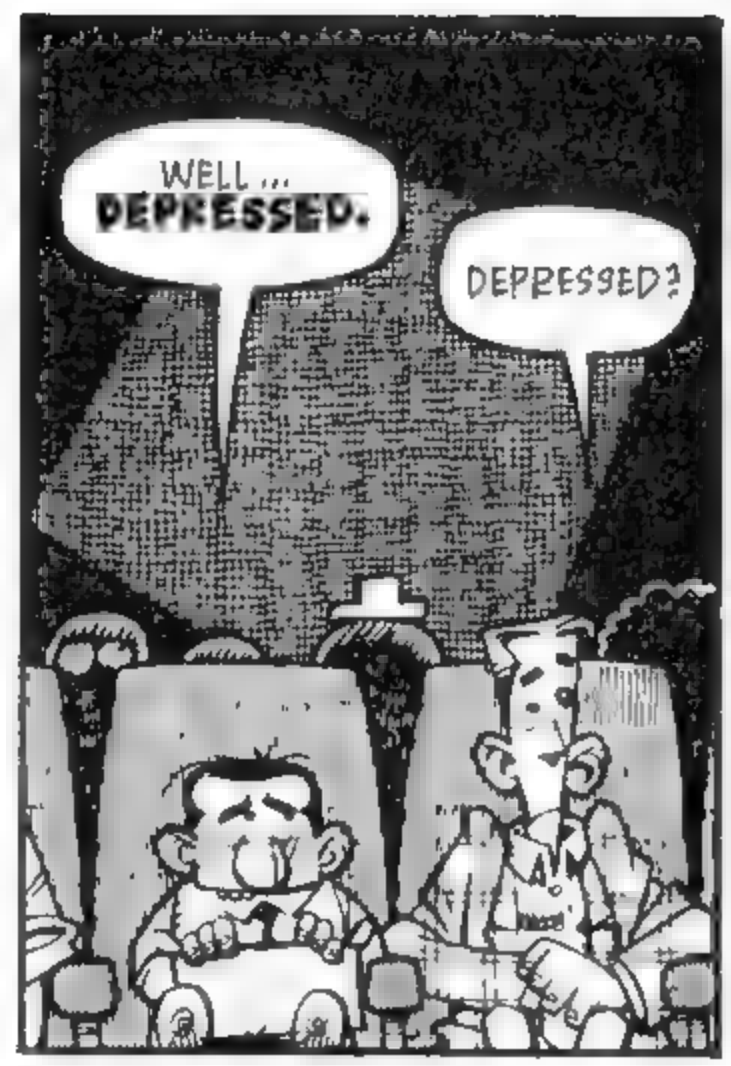


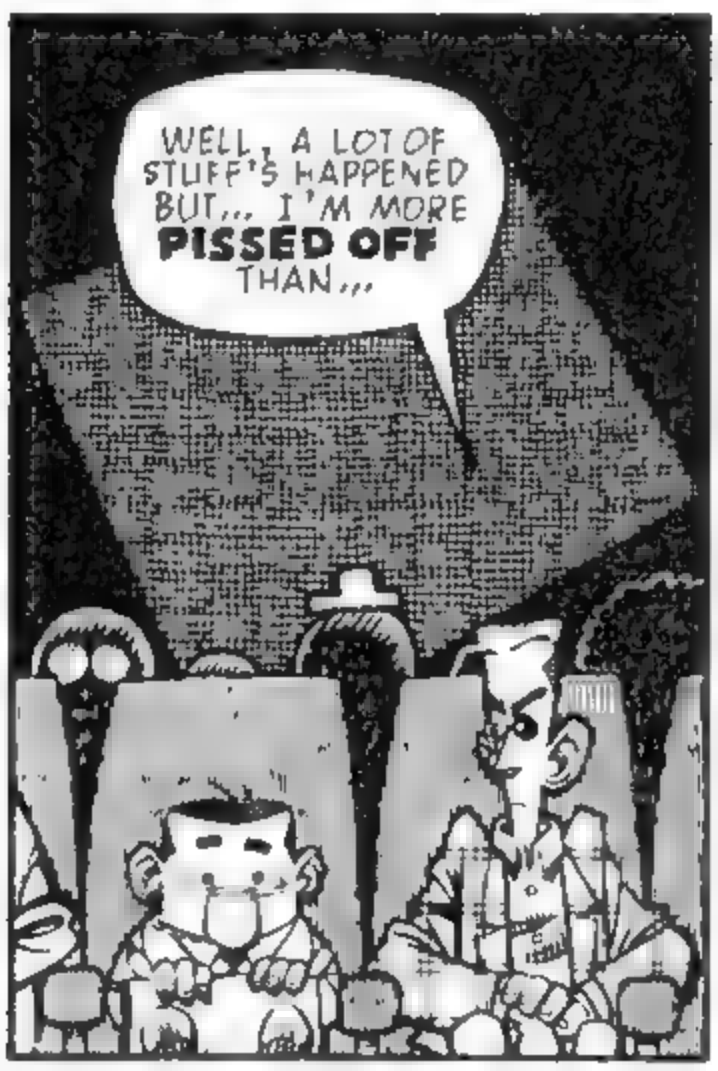




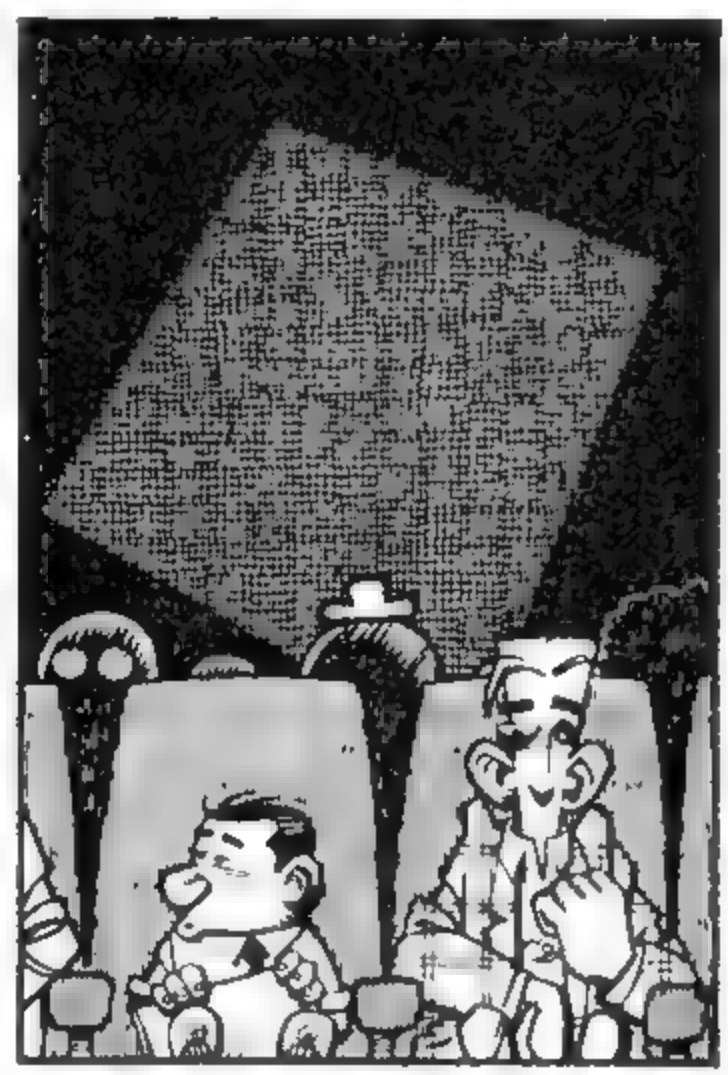

NOW WE'VE GOT **NO** MONEY LEFT AND WE HAVE TO SIT THROUGH THIS STUPID PLAY.
SHUT UP.
THIS IS THE **LAST** PLAY SOMEONE IN YOUR CONDITION SHOULD BE SEEING.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'SOMEONE IN MY CONDITION'?

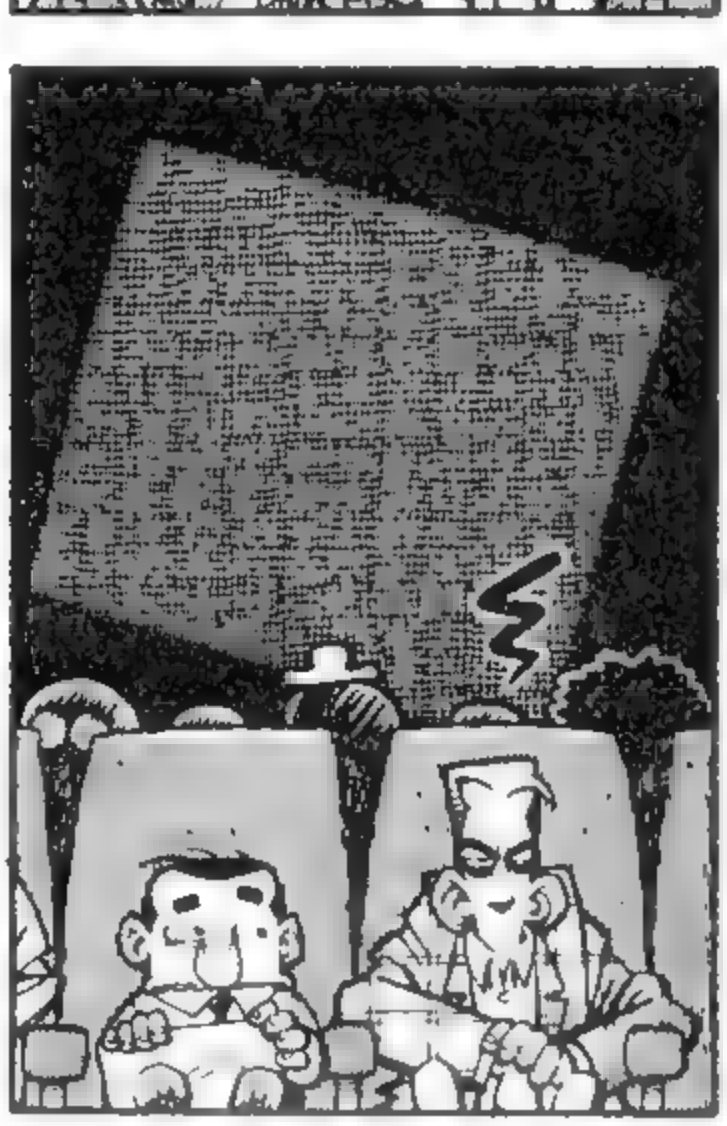

WELL ... **DEPRESSED.**
DEPRESSED?


WELL, A LOT OF STUFF'S HAPPENED BUT... I'M MORE **PISSED OFF** THAN...

... WELL, YEAH, I **SUPPOSE** I'M DEPRESSED, BUT ONLY IN A SORT OF ABSTRACT SENSE...



NO, I'M NOT DEPRESSED AT ALL, BUT I'M DEFINITELY PISSED OFF.



GOD, YOU'RE WEIRD SOMETIMES.
OH SHUT UP.

ANYWAY, WHO ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?
ANDREA SHE'LL BE HERE SOMEWHERE.
BUT YOU JUST SAW HER YESTERDAY.
YEAH, TWICE.

THERE SHE IS!
ANDREA!

YOU KNOW, I **THOUGHT** HE WAS ACTING FUNNY. I ALWAYS SEEM TO GET STUCK NEXT TO THE WEIRDOS.

No offense

HI!
HI!

...FINE, HOW'S ANDREW?

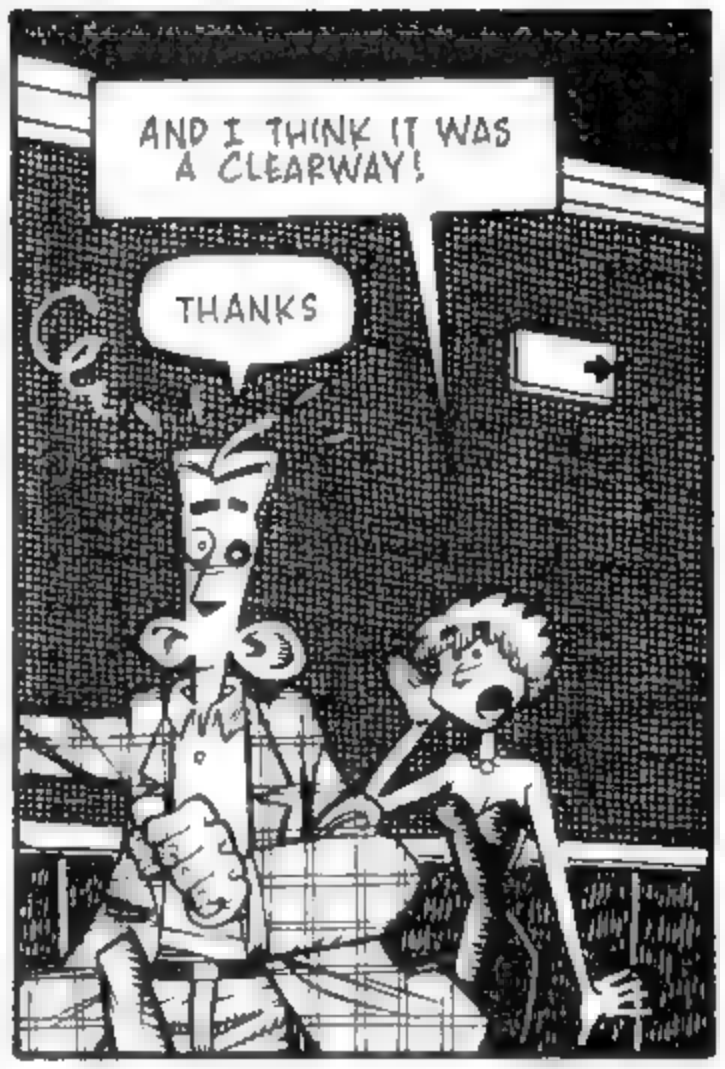
...WELL, I HOPE IT WENT WELL...

...WHEN I SAW YOU LAST NIGHT YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT MY CAR
YEAH, I WAS MEANING TO TELL YOU. ARE YOU SURE YOUR CAR GOT, AH, GOT...

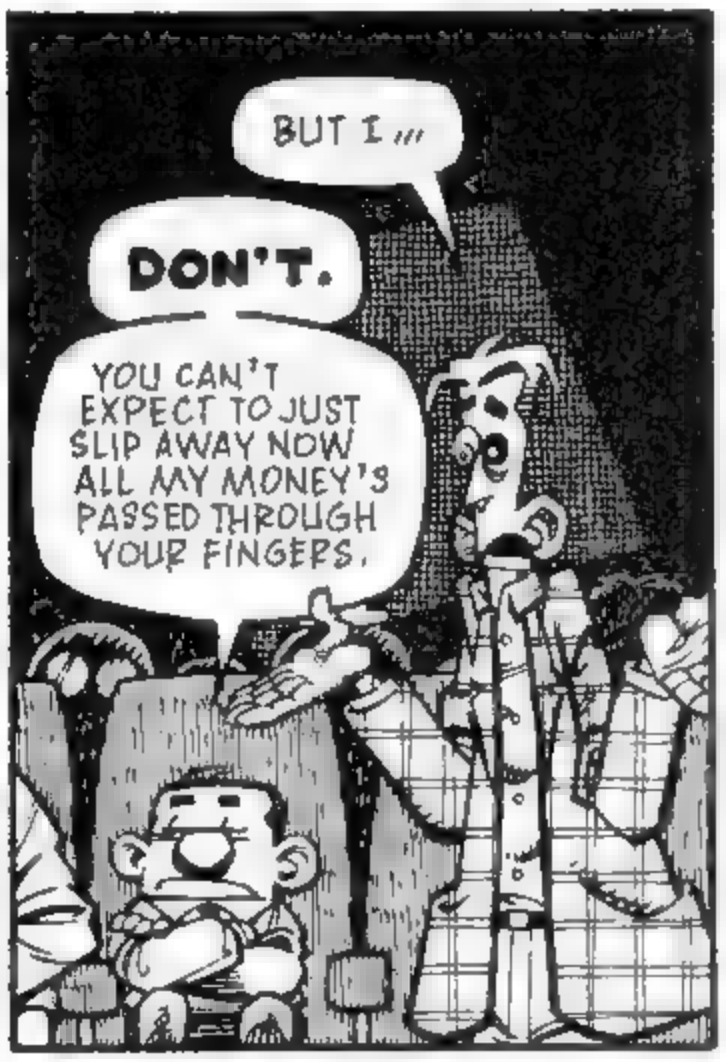
FUCKED, BASICALLY.
AH... YEAH.

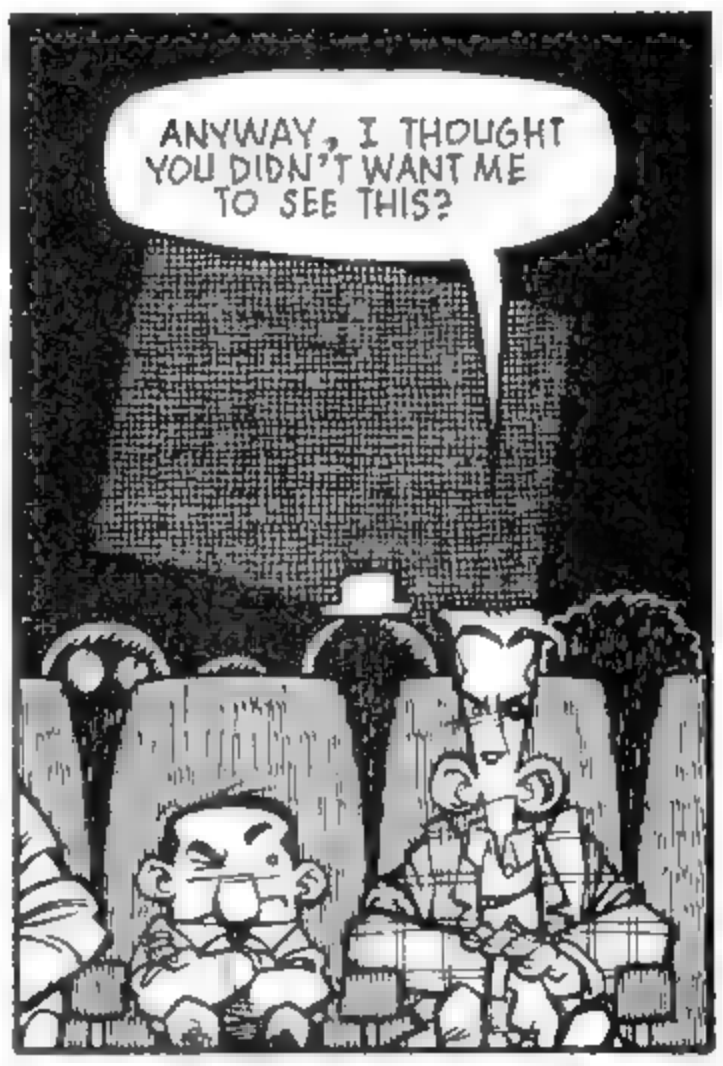
ARE YOU SURE? BECAUSE WHEN I LEFT LAST NIGHT IT WAS STILL THERE AND I'M SURE IT WAS YOUR CAR I HAD A LOOK AND IT HAD BOOKS AND STUFF AND I TRIED TO CALL YOU BUT THERE WAS NO ANSWER.

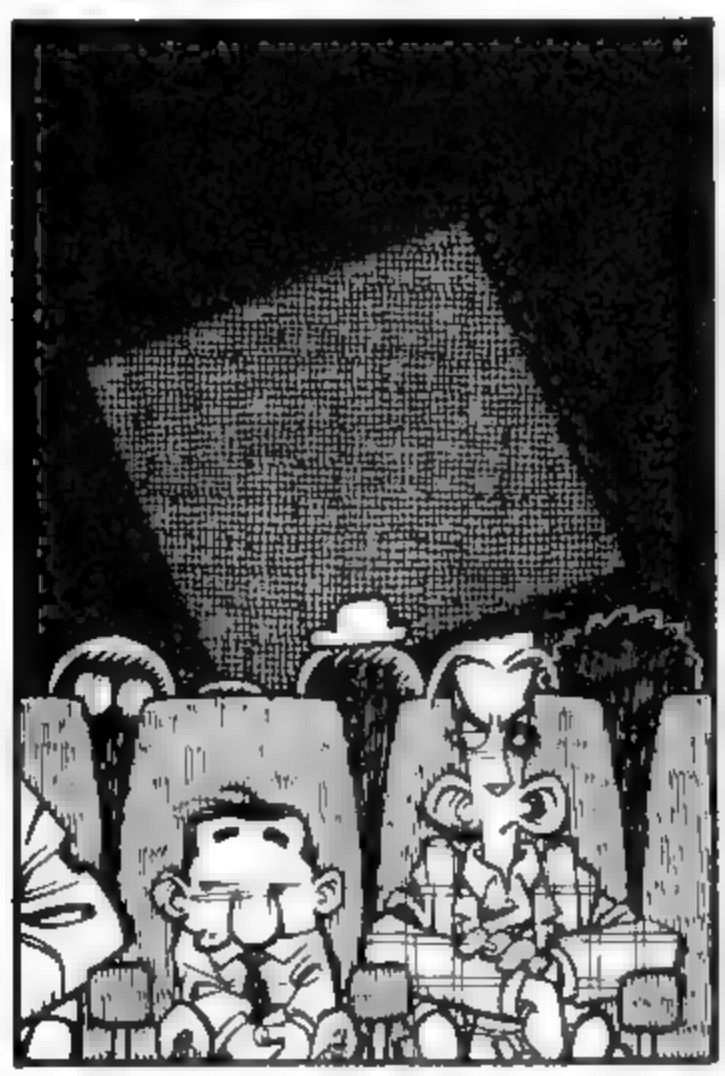
I GUESS, I, I GUESS I BETTER GO AND HAVE A LOOK FOR MYSELF.
YES, DO. THOUGH IT'S PROBABLY BEEN TOWED BY NOW. IT LOOKED ABANDONED.

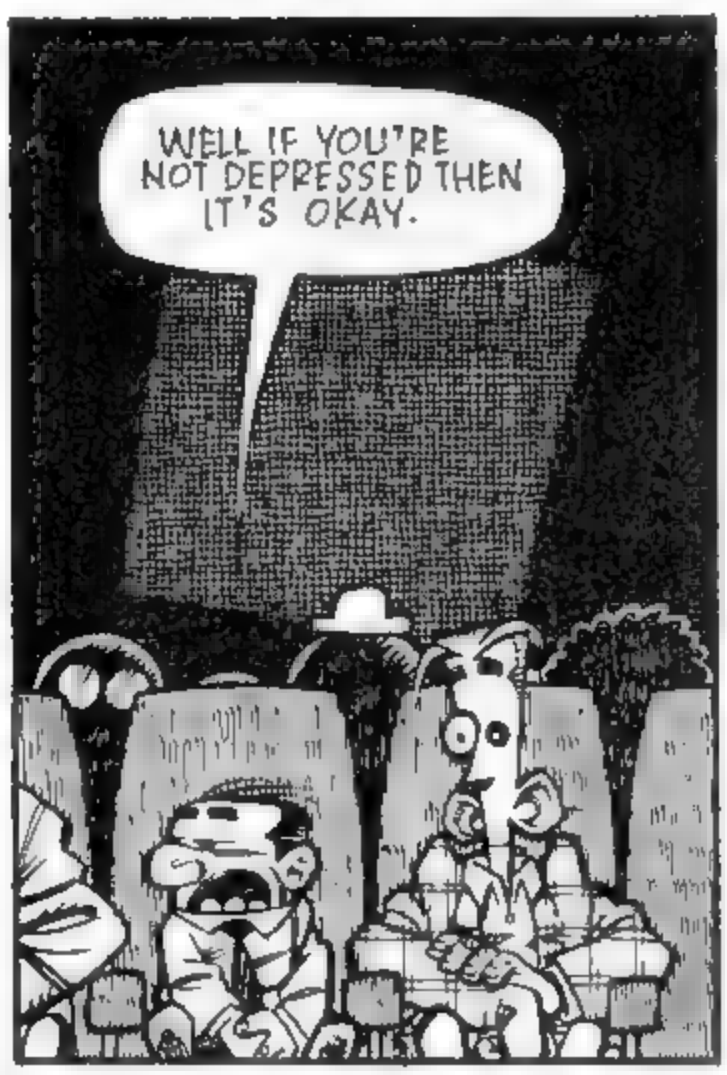

AND I THINK IT WAS A CLEARWAY!
THANKS

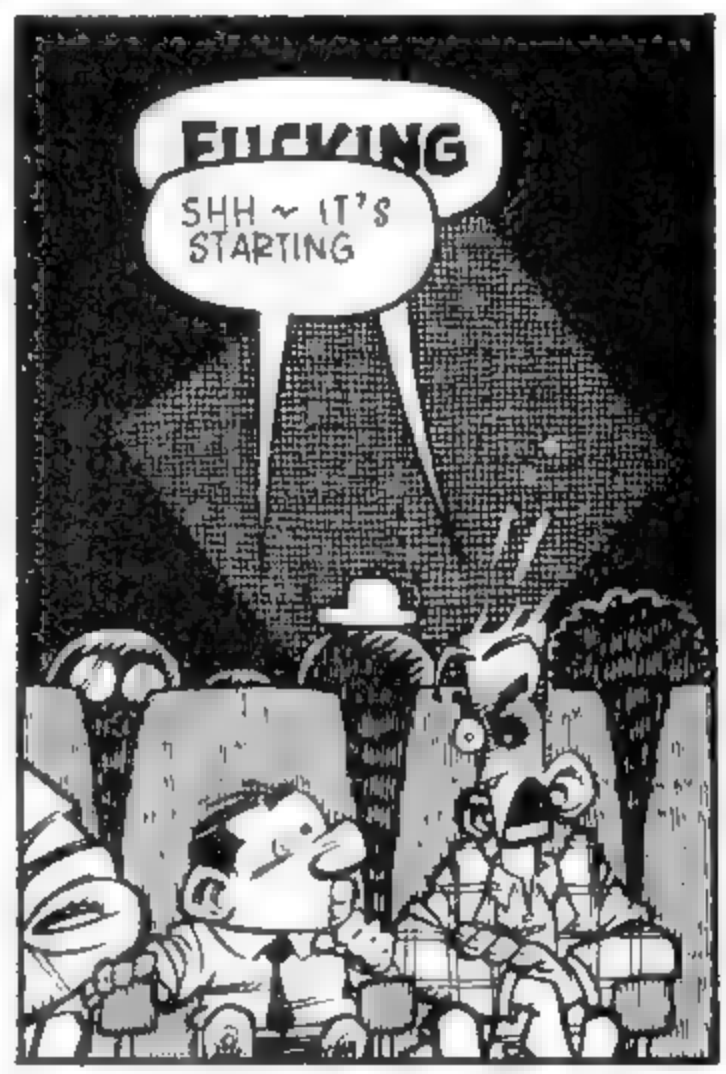
WE HAVE TO GO.
OH NO. YOU SPENT OUR LAST PENNIES ON THIS PLAY AND WE'RE GOING TO SIT IT OUT.

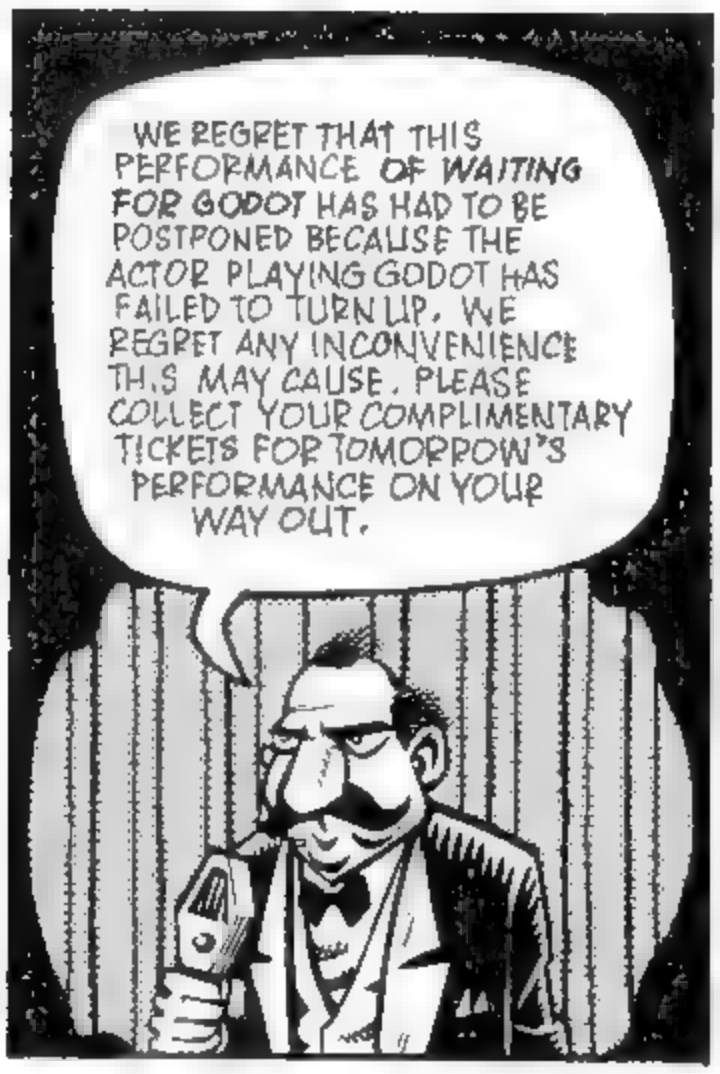

BUT I ...
DON'T.
YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO JUST SLIP AWAY NOW ALL MY MONEY'S PASSED THROUGH YOUR FINGERS.

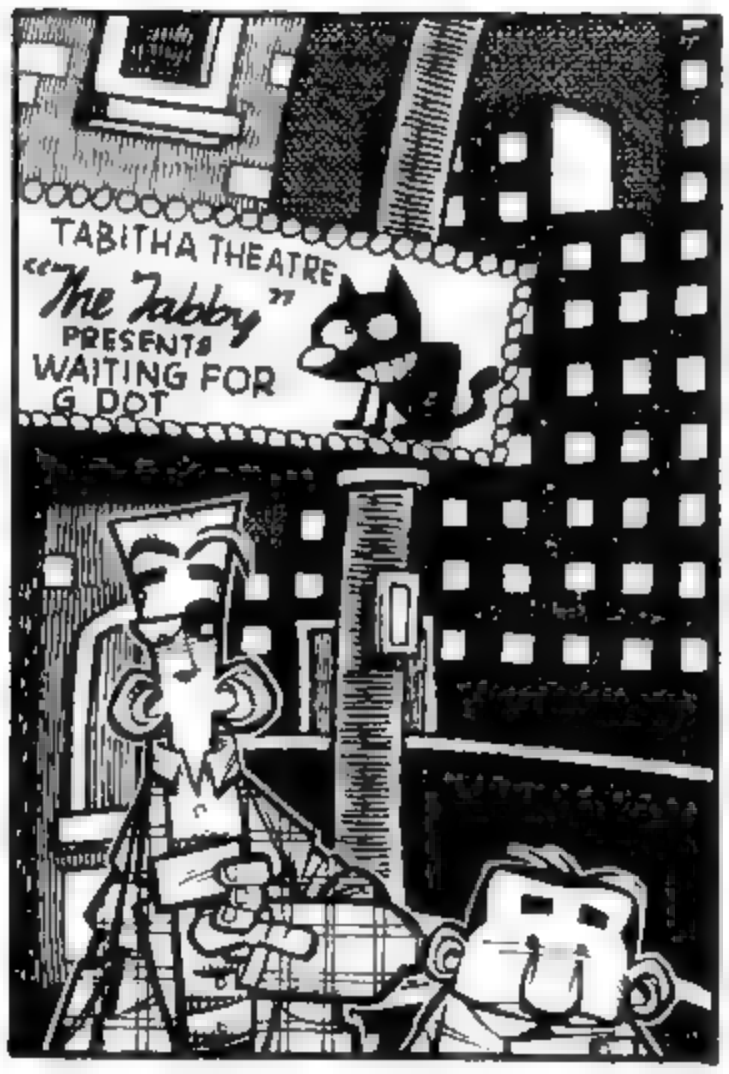

ANYWAY, I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT ME TO SEE THIS?



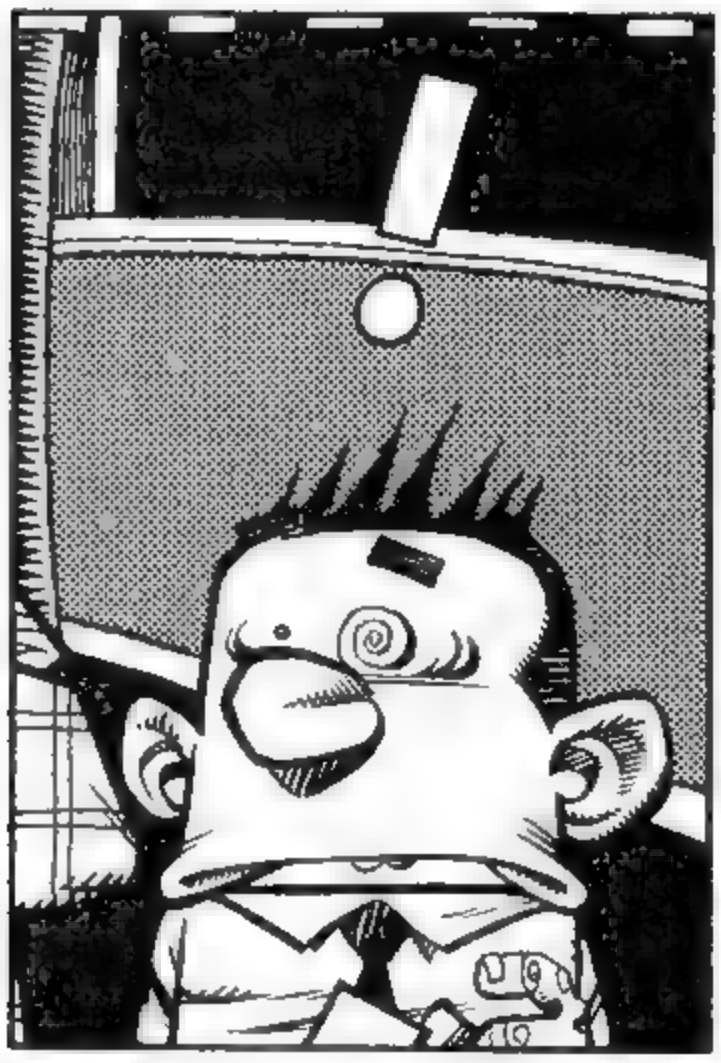

WELL IF YOU'RE NOT DEPRESSED THEN IT'S OKAY.


FUCKING
SHH ~ IT'S STARTING


WE REGRET THAT THIS PERFORMANCE OF WAITING FOR GODOT HAS HAD TO BE POSTPONED BECAUSE THE ACTOR PLAYING GODOT HAS FAILED TO TURN UP. WE REGRET ANY INCONVENIENCE THIS MAY CAUSE. PLEASE COLLECT YOUR COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS FOR TOMORROW'S PERFORMANCE ON YOUR WAY OUT.

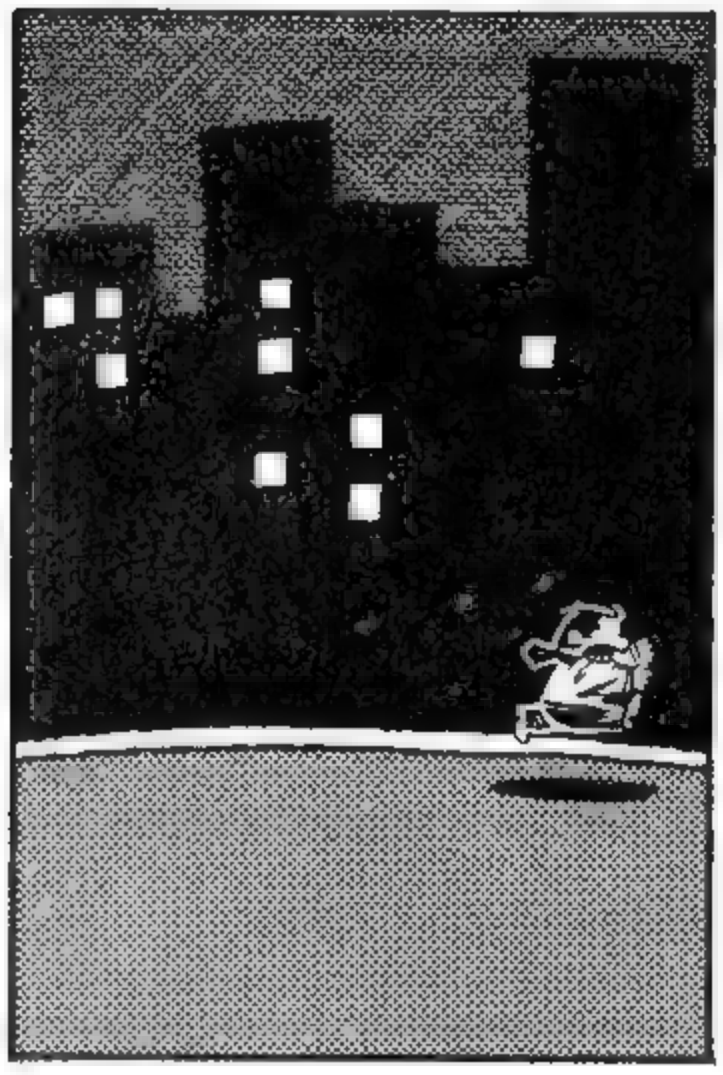

TABITHA THEATRE
"The Tabby"
PRESENTS
WAITING FOR
G DOT

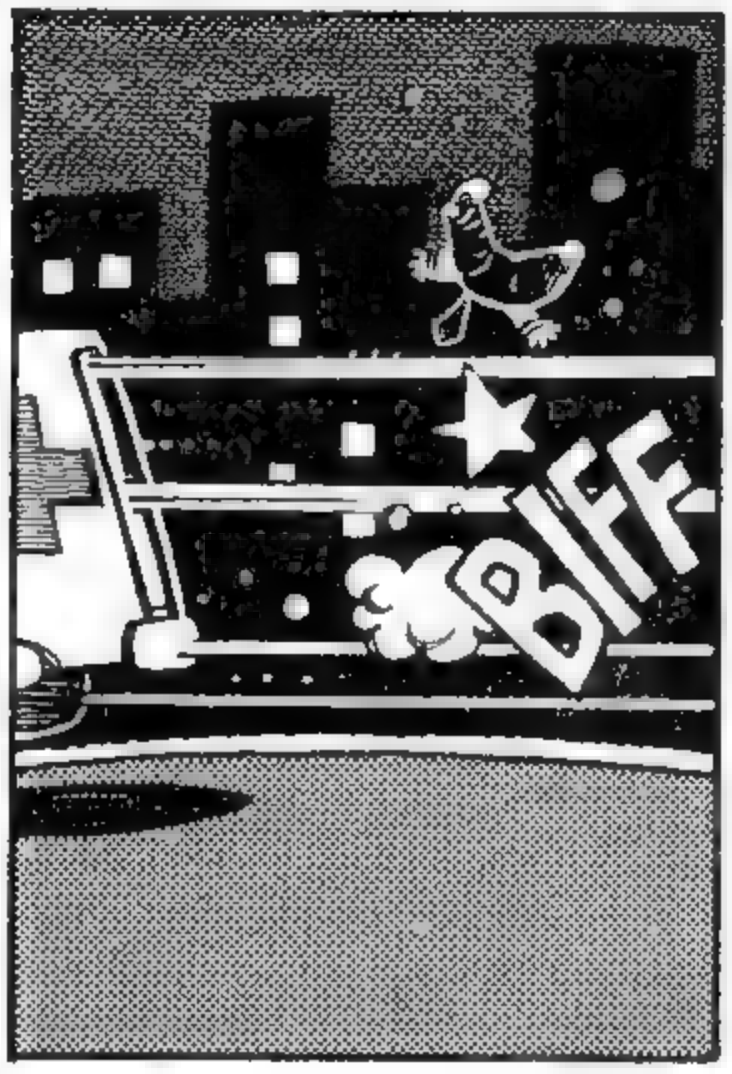
NOW WE HAVE TO FIND MY CAR.
HUH?



TABITHA THEATRE
"The Tabby"
PRESENTS
WAITING FOR
G DOT
THERE IT IS! THERE! SEE?

TURNING THE CORNER! THAT'S YOUR CAR, I'M SURE!
I CAN'T SEE...




BIFF

End of Part Four

WAITING FOR GODZILLA

BY ROGER LANGRIDGE ©1992

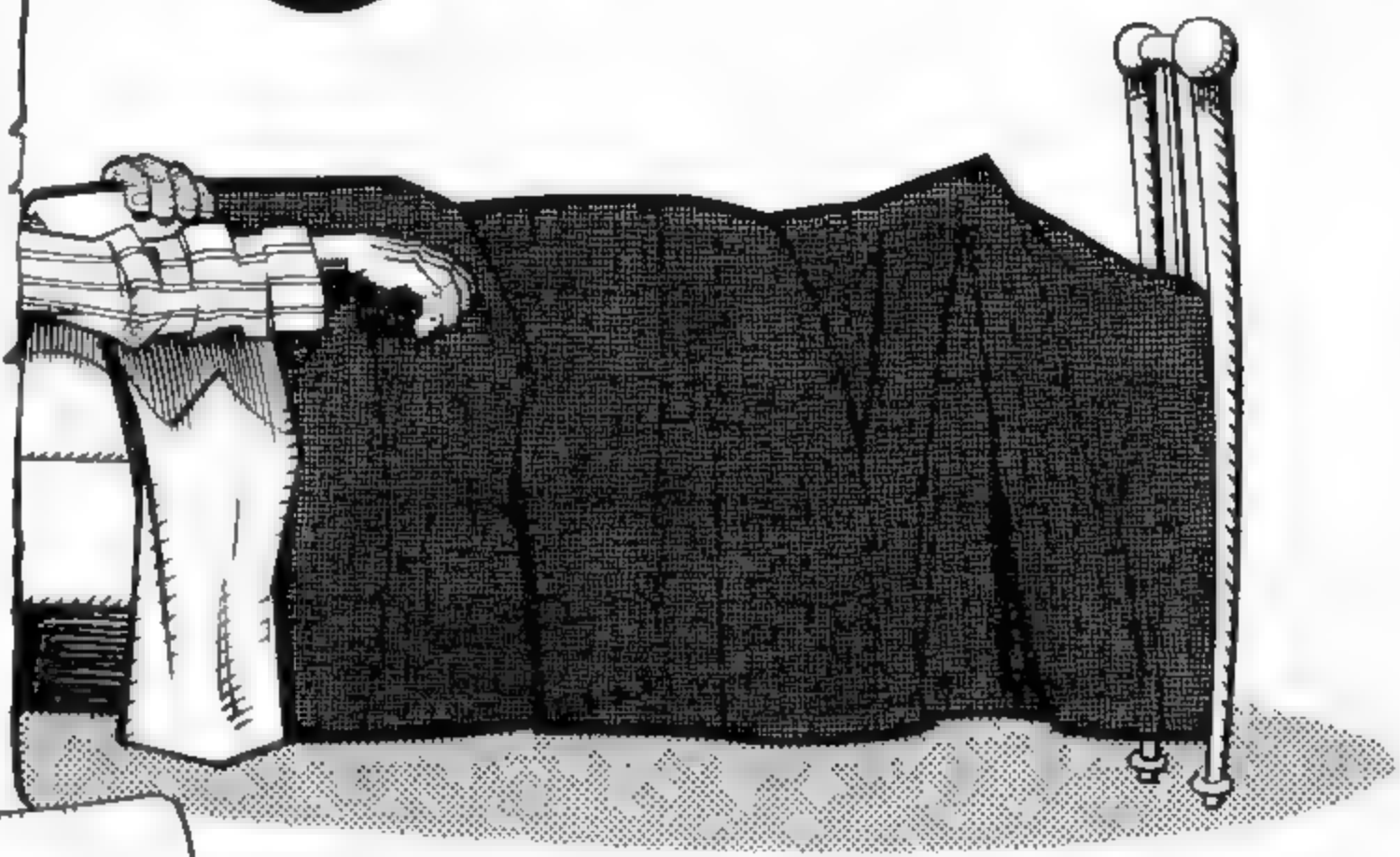
AND SO IT WAS THAT THE GREAT COMEDIAN FINALLY PASSED AWAY. IN HIS DECLINING YEARS HE HAD WRITTEN MANY JOKES; UNFORTUNATELY, SENILITY HAD MADE THEM OBSCURE, SELF-INDULGENT AND ULTIMATELY WORTHLESS, AND THE GREAT TALENT WHICH HAD ONCE REVOLUTIONISED COMEDY LOOKED TO BE EXTINGUISHED FOREVER.

THEN CAME **THE GORILLA JOKE.**

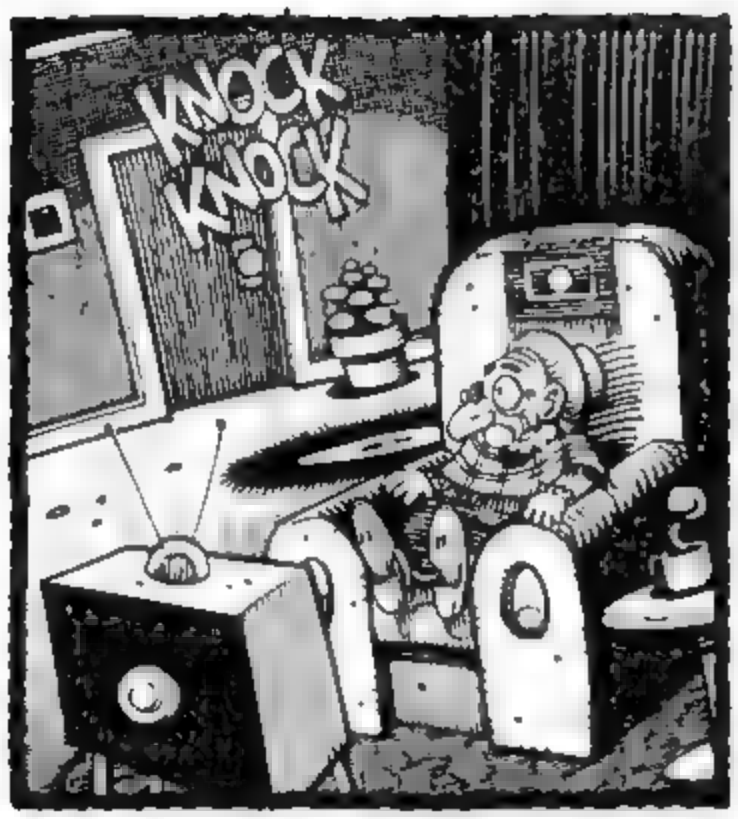
THE GREAT COMEDIAN'S MUSE FLARED BRIGHTLY ONE FINAL TIME AND, IN THAT MOMENT OF INSPIRATION WHEN DEATH TO HIM WAS A PLAINLY VISIBLE, TANGIBLE THING, HE IMBUED A SINGLE JOKE WITH EVERYTHING THAT HAD MADE HIM A GREAT MAN. HIS SOUL THUS HAVING BEEN REMOVED FROM HIS BODY AND PLACED SOMEWHERE WHICH CHARACTERISED HIM AS HE WAS IN LIFE FAR MORE TRUTHFULLY THAN THOSE OLD BONES WERE CAPABLE OF DOING, THE GREAT COMEDIAN DIED.

THE GORILLA JOKE DISAPPEARED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE GREAT MAN'S DEATH. HIS FINAL WISH, THAT THE JOKE BE CARVED ON HIS TOMBSTONE AND THUS PRESERVED FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS, WAS NEVER CARRIED OUT. THE GREAT MAN'S SON, IN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES, COMMITTED SUICIDE FOUR DAYS AFTER THE GREAT MAN'S FUNERAL.

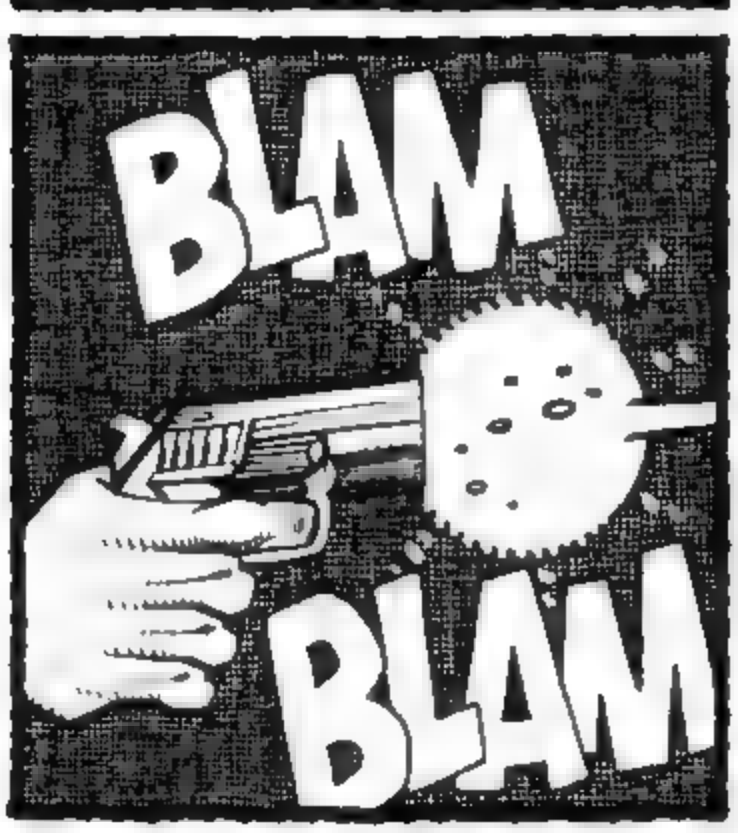
HE HAD A SMILE ON HIS FACE.



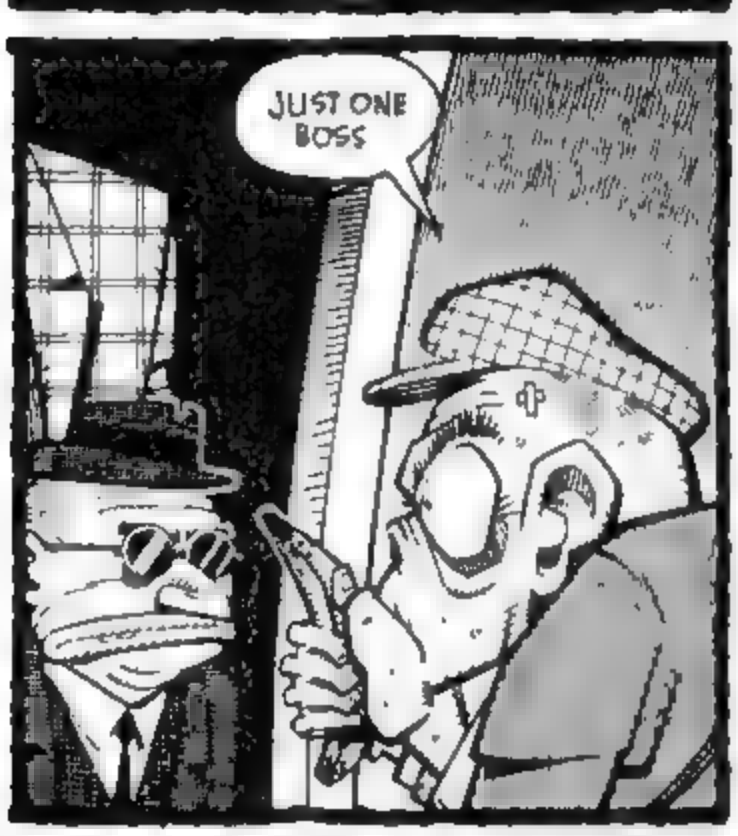
CHAPTER ONE: I LIKE BANANAS


KNOCK KNOCK

HELLO?
OH!

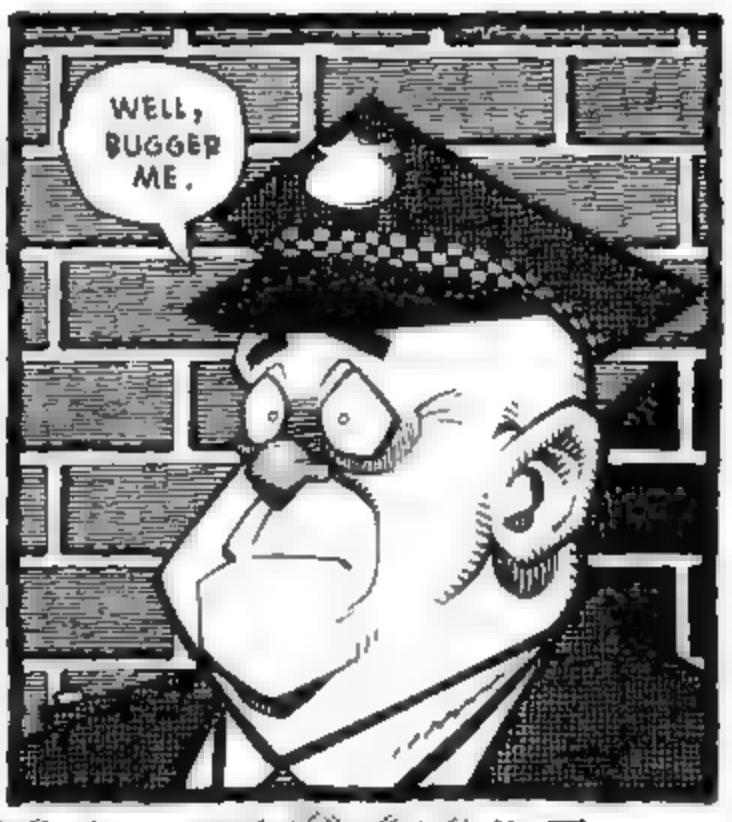

BLAM
BLAM

FRIDGE.
YES BOSS


JUST ONE BOSS

NO BONES.

SLAM



The Daily Lung

ORSON PANCREAS' LEADING NEWSPAPER APRIL 1 1992 PRICE 60¢

PHANTOM BANANA KILLER STRIKES AGAIN!

BIZARRE MUTILATIONS CONTINUE AS ELEVENTH BANANA IS FOUND EVISCERATED! "WELL, BUGGER ME," SAYS CHIEF OF POLICE

STORY BY BENNY THE HAT

The mutilated remains of another banana were discovered in an alleyway off Hate Street in the wee smalls of this morning. I was at home in bed at the time with my delightful Swedish wife Olga. The person who discovered the banana, a Mr. Colin Sponge, does not have a Swedish wife and is in fact quite ugly. When asked to make a statement, Chief of Police Adolf Q. Goebbels stated, "Well, bugger me." Chief Goebbels does have a Swedish wife; however, she is in her late fifties and has got boils. The unofficial word from an informed anonymous source is that this case has the police totally baffled and that they will be calling in outside help. My informed anonymous source will tell you herself if you don't believe me; her name is Elspeth Grollicks and she works in the files department. Mrs. Grollicks does not have a Swedish wife; however, her husband looks a bit [illegible] and has a lump. I

Ooh me leg!

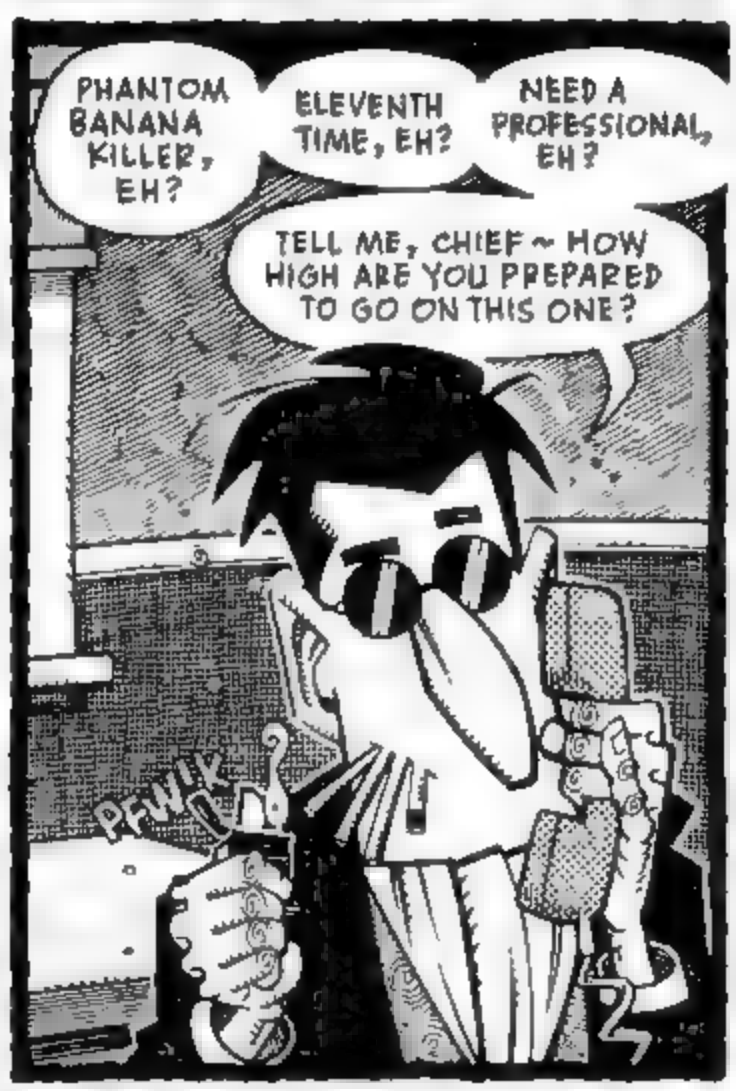
Eek ooh aargh oh yes that's much better. Where was I? Oh yes. I just want to tell you that I am [illegible] paid a great deal

RING
RING

HELLO, JACK T. SHIT, FREELANCE COMEDIAN... YES, THIS IS HE... CHIEF GOEBBELS! WHY, HOW NICE OF YOU TO CALL!

NO, NO, YOU'RE THINKING OF MY APPRENTICE MISTER BICYCLE... NO, HE'S NOT, HE'S NOT ALLOWED TO ANSWER THE TELEPHONE.
NO, IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T WANT TO SET A PRECEDENT. NEXT THING YOU KNOW HE'LL BE WANTING ME TO PAY HIM.

YES... YES, VERY LIKELY. SO TELL ME, CHIEF, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?


PHANTOM BANANA KILLER, EH?
ELEVENTH TIME, EH?
NEED A PROFESSIONAL, EH?
TELL ME, CHIEF ~ HOW HIGH ARE YOU PREPARED TO GO ON THIS ONE?
PFWIK

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR?... YEAH, THAT'S PRETTY HIGH. IF YOU SEE ANY **LARGE SUMS OF MONEY** UP THERE, GIVE ME A CALL, WILL YOU?
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?
FUP FUP FUP

OH, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT. OLD HEARING AID ACTING UP AGAIN? OKAY, WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

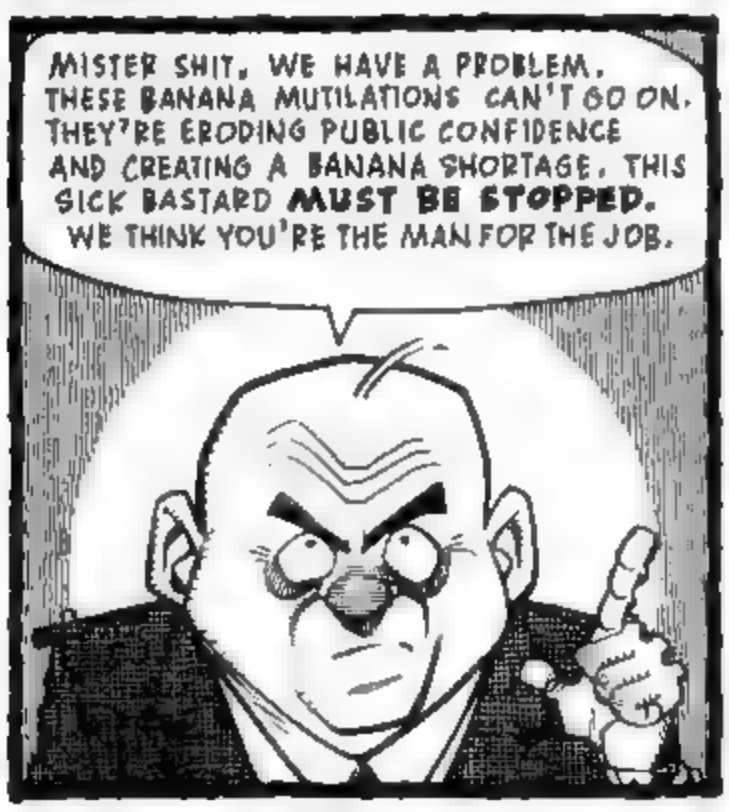
?

OH MISTER BICYCLE! MISTER BICYCLE, YOU CAN COME IN NOW, WE'VE GOT A CASE!

POLICE
ERT

GOEBBELS
HOW DARE YOU BURST IN HERE!
I'M SORRY, I'LL CLEAN IT UP. WE'RE HERE ABOUT THE BANANAS.

OH, OF COURSE ~ YOU MUST BE MISTER SHIT.
OH, MUST I?! SUPPOSE I WANTED TO BE MRS. TWELVES? OR JASON Q. PRUNEBLATT? I TELL YOU, IT'S ATTITUDES LIKE YOURS THAT GIVE ORSON PANCREAS A BAD NAME!

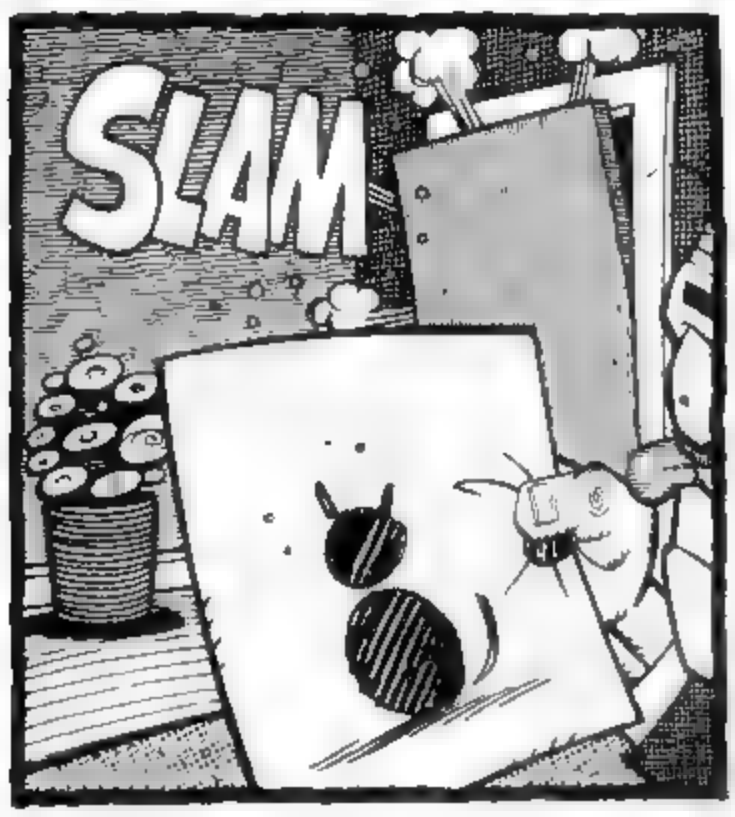

MISTER SHIT, WE HAVE A PROBLEM. THESE BANANA MUTILATIONS CAN'T GO ON. THEY'RE ERODING PUBLIC CONFIDENCE AND CREATING A BANANA SHORTAGE. THIS SICK BASTARD **MUST BE STOPPED.** WE THINK YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB.

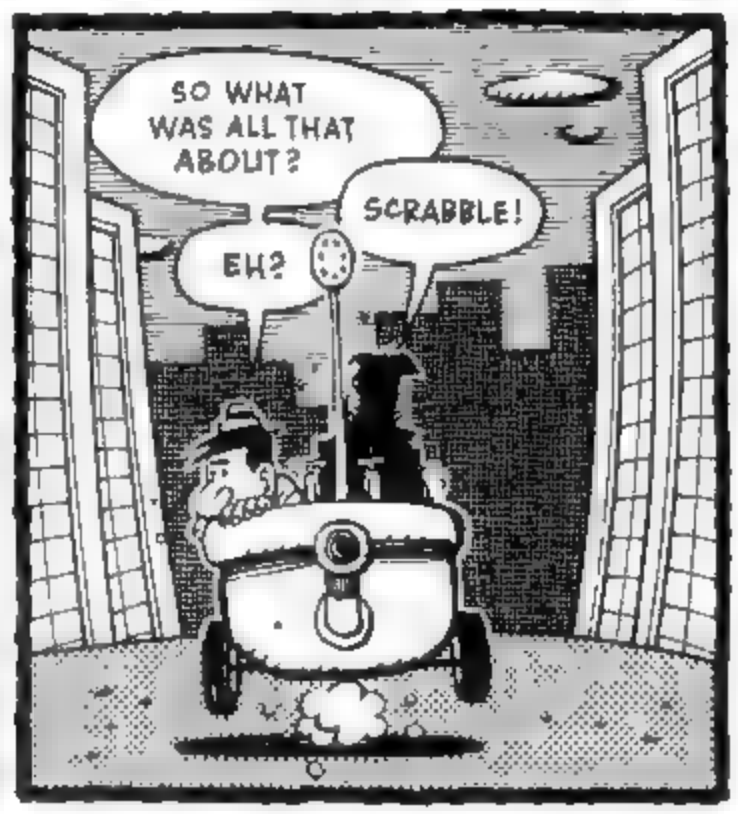
MISTER BICYCLE, MY TRUSTY ASSISTANT, TAKE A LETTER: 'DEAR CHIEF, WE ACCEPT YOUR OFFER WITH GRATITUDE AND LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU AT THE BALL. I WILL BE WEARING A PINK FROCK WITH FROGS EMBROIDERED ON IT AND MISTER BICYCLE WILL LOOK FORWARD TO THE OPPORTUNITY TO TELL HIS JOKE, WHICH WAS HANDED DOWN TO HIM BY HIS GRANDMOTHER. PLEASE CONVEY OUR WARMEST REGARDS TO YOUR GOOD LADY WIFE AND HER TWO SMALL HERNIAS. YOURS ETC., GLADYS PRONK.'
SKRITCH SKROTCHA SKRI

THIS IS A PICTURE OF A PUSSY CAT.
I CAN'T READ.

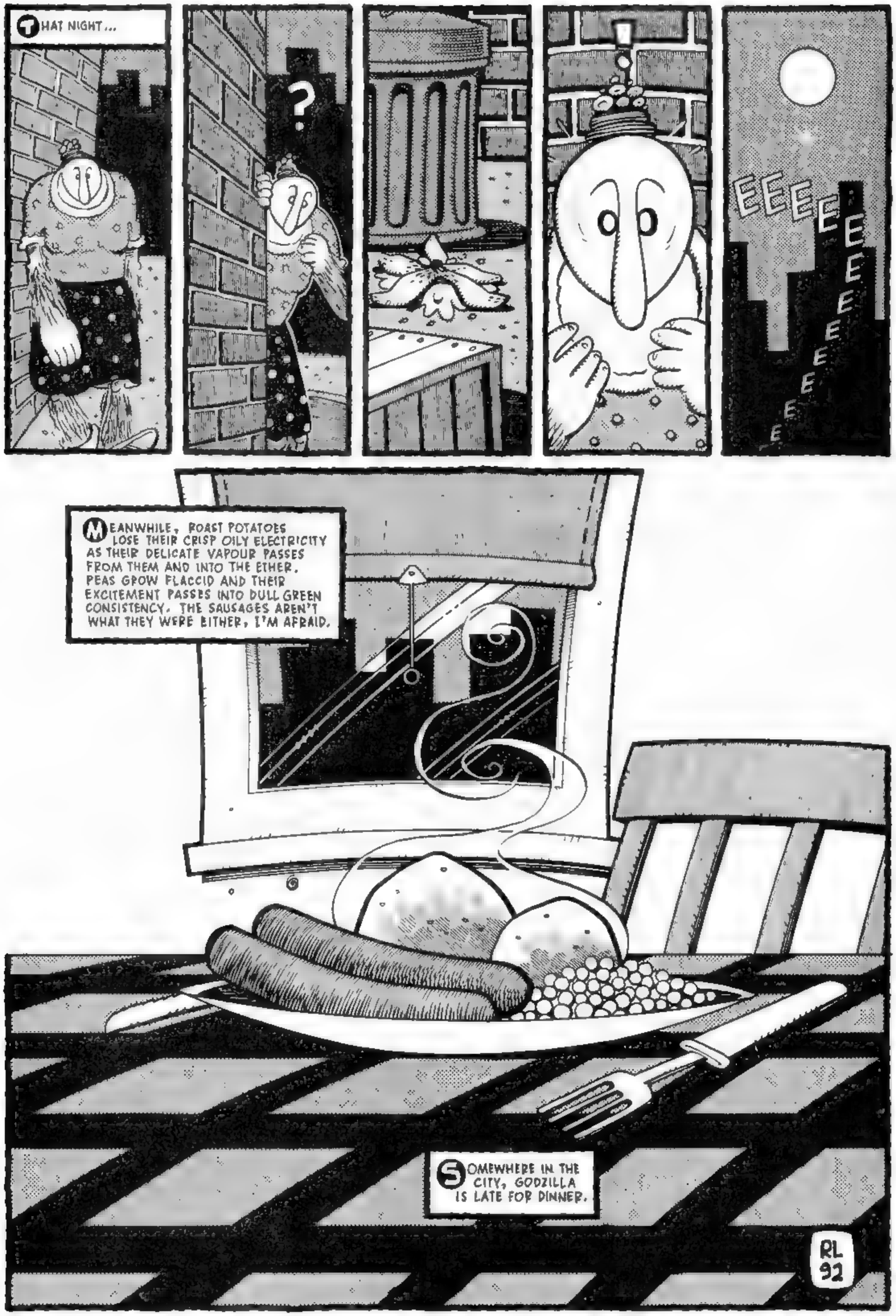
THAT WASN'T YOUR JOKE, WAS IT?
NO, I'M SAVING THAT ONE UP FOR THE RIGHT GIRL

VERY WELL. CHIEF GOEBBELS: HERE IS OUR ANSWER. WE SHALL BE IN TOUCH FORTHWITH, HERETOFORE, HITHER, THITHER AND HENCE. THANK YOU AND BON APPETIT.

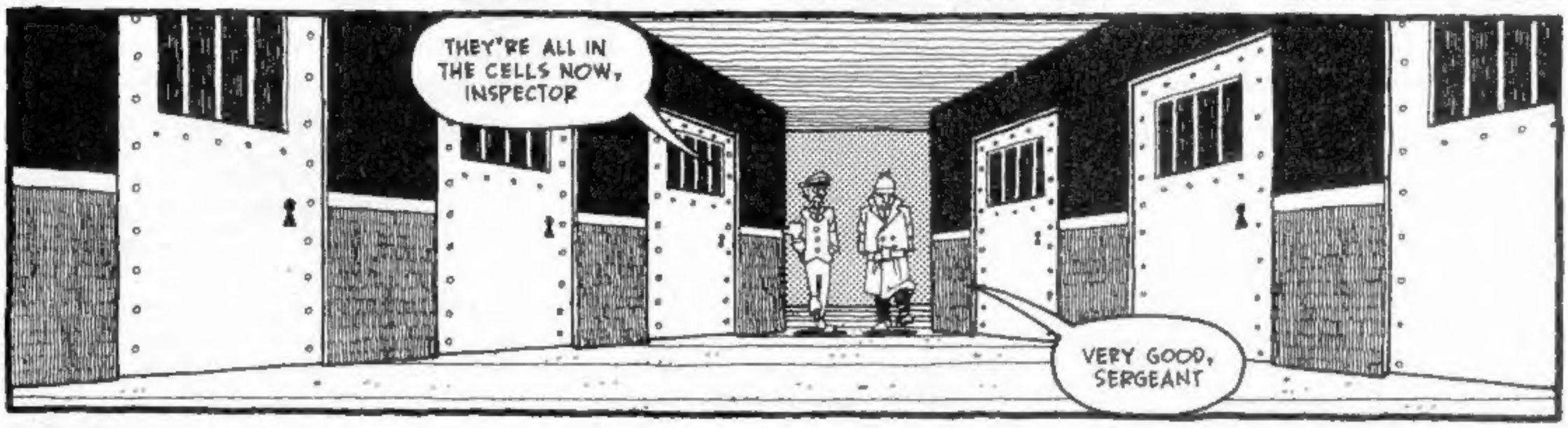

SLAM


SO WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?
SCRABBLE!
EH?

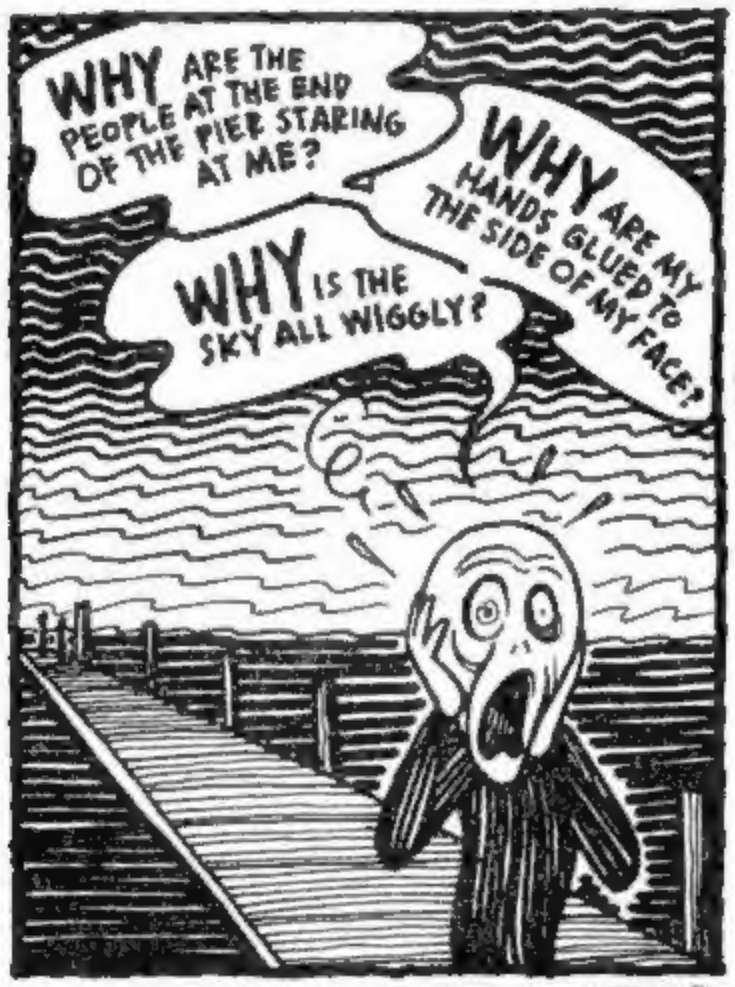
OF COURSE, I COULD BE WRONG.

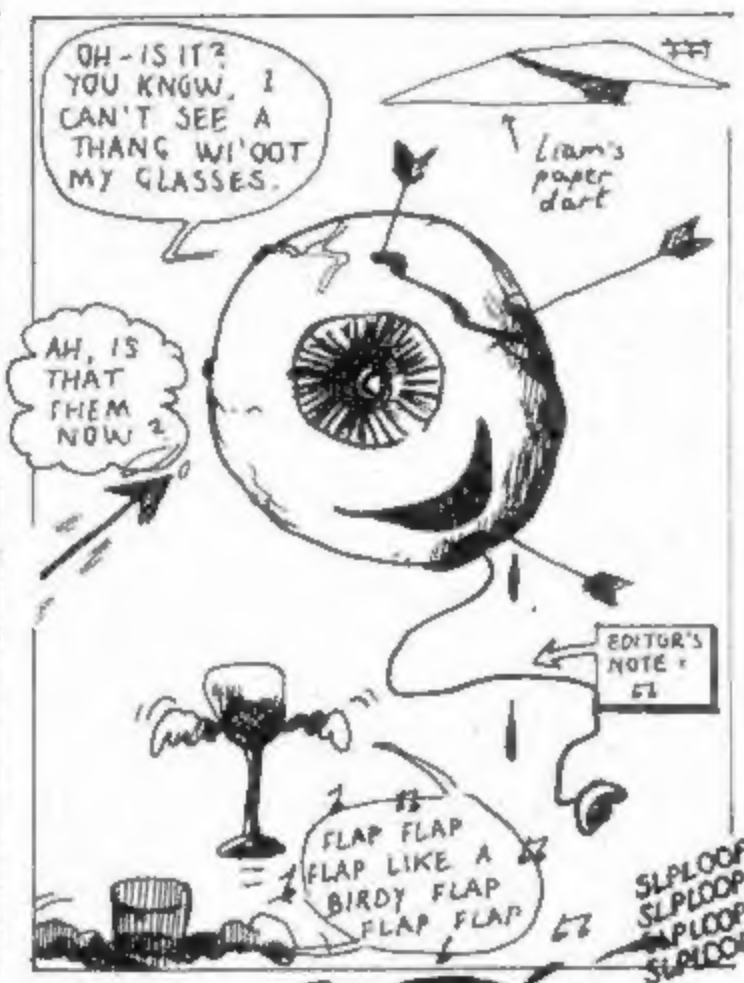

THAT NIGHT...
?
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
MEANWHILE, ROAST POTATOES LOSE THEIR CRISP OILY ELECTRICITY AS THEIR DELICATE VAPOUR PASSES FROM THEM AND INTO THE ETHER. PEAS GROW FLACCID AND THEIR EXCITEMENT PASSES INTO DULL GREEN CONSISTENCY. THE SAUSAGES AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE EITHER, I'M AFRAID.
SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY, GODZILLA IS LATE FOR DINNER.
RL 92

MEANWHILE, DOWN AT THE POLICE STATION...



WHY IS THE SKY ALL WIGGLY?





LITTLE GUMP IN THE LAND OF CATATONIA

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